

T H E
F R I E N D S;
O R,
O R I G I N A L L E T T E R S.

V O L. I I



THE
FRIENDS;
OR,
ORIGINAL LETTERS
OF A
PERSON DECEASED.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED,
FROM THE MANUSCRIPTS,
IN HIS CORRESPONDENT'S HANDS.

“How preferable are the natural Dictates of the
Heart, to the most elaborate Inditings of the
Head!”

Letter ix. Par. 2. of this Collection.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

L O N D O N.

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MDCCLXXIII.

ERRATA.

- Page 42, line 2, first Comma, a Semicolon.
P. 44, line 6, a Period after *rightly*.
P. 46, l. 4, for *it*, read *they*.
P. 73, Second Stanza, last line, add (5); and Note (4) read
Maiden Vow.
P. 78, In the Latin Line, for *tam*, read *tamen*.
P. 103, l. 11, after *yet*, read *we*.
P. 110, l. last but one, read *justly*.
P. 119, l. 14, read *bation*.
P. 121, l. 7, read *ments*.
P. 137, l. last, for *him*, read *is*.
P. 185, l. 3, read *perspec-*
P. 189, l. 9, read *litigation*.
P. 207, l. 9, for *is* read *are*.
P. 210, l. 6, dele 2d Comma.
P. 255, l. 12, add *and* at the end.
P. 257, l. 5, after *busband*, change the Period to a Comma.
P. 265, the Latin Line, read *desipere*.



ORIGINAL LETTERS.

Friend,

Bath.

MY Affection for you has rendered
me a Quaker. What Epithet or
Addition could I possibly join to that
Word, which can strengthen or enrich it?
A Friend is a Divinity: *Deus, Deus ille,*
Menalca! and all Adjectives are weak, or

B

super-

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superfluous, that would define it. Thus far the Spirit hath moved me—Now to the Flesh,

Mrs. L— is still here, and remains the same inexplicable Character as ever. She has a Number of *Lovers*, without one *Admirer*. The most fanatic of her Devotees are not Enthusiasts enough to compliment her with the Attributes of either Wit or Beauty. She certainly is endowed with neither, and yet rivals them both.

There is some occult Magnetism or other in her Composition, that attracts the amorous Particles of Men's Constitutions more nervously to her, than other Women are capable of. I confess my *Instinct*; I like her myself, a little, without knowing



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knowing why; and only knowing that I ought not.* Is this Infidelity?

There is no describing it, with Decency. A Lover must be *wanton*, in her Praise. In the Days of Witches she would have been charged with the Practice of Spells, from so unaccountable an Effect. Perhaps this may be what French Philosophy means, by the *Je ne sçais quoi*, in Mistresses.

Thirdly, to Business. I have discharged all your Bills, before my own. *Debts of Honour*, you know, Charles, have always Precedence, to those of Law. I wait your Remittances, therefore, and Mrs. L---'s

* His Affections were elsewhere engaged.

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Removal from hence, before I shall be able to join you in London.

Fourthly, and lastly, Adieu.

LETTER II.

I Have seen the Person you mention: I met him at Mr. *Strode's*, yesterday. I by no means like him, as a Companion; but as a Pedagogue, perhaps, he may be self-sufficient. *Ex quovis Ligno non fit?* He is a Pedant; but of that illiberal Race of Men the same Author says are *born Schoolmasters** Montaigne compares them to "Birds, who forage for Grain to feed

* I think it is *La Sage*, in *Gil Blas*.

" their

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“ their young, without swallowing it
“ themselves ; they keep it ready, at their
“ Tongue’s End, only to spit it out again
“ to their callow Brood.”

He is, therefore, most luckily suited
with a Pupil ; for our poor Friend’s Son,
I think, will never disgrace him ; as I fear
he is one of those Noddles, or *Noodles*,
that may be *taught*, but not *instructed*.
Learning, to a Fool, is like Spectacles, to the
Blind. Who says so ? or is it my own
Image ?

The Oversight of Parents ! Were he
apprenticed to some Mechanic Trade, he
might perhaps grow rich, as a Mill ga-
thers Grist, without any Intelligence of its
own. But his Father, mistaking Stupidity

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for Sobriety, means to make him a Parson.
Now, in my Faith of the Matter, the Lad
would get more by baking his *daily Bread*,
than ever he will by *praying* for it.

Mr. H--- is not at Home, so I sent
your Letters frankless to the Post. You
said that one of them was upon Business,
and not knowing how to distinguish, I
dispatched them both together.

I purposed to have wrote more to you
when I sat down; but we drank too much,
yesterday: Or was it the Punch or the
Pedagogue that has *Leaden-balled* my
Head, all this Day?

Good Night.

LETTER

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LETTER III.

THE last Post has brought me an Account that my Cause has been given against me. This distresses, but not surprises me. However, it has rendered me wise, too late : Such is the Nature of Wisdom ! I depended on the Opinion of my Lawyers ; my Adversary did the same. Could there ever be a Suit, if Council did not differ ?

Whether through Error or Knavery, this ever has, and ever will be the Case. As there is no Remedy, and that 'tis the common Lot of Life, complaining is but

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vain ; and to the Vanity adds a Vexation of Spirit too.

I have another Cause, you know, to the good or bad, still, *sub Judice*, or rather *Judicibus* ; for it has already subsisted above seventy Years, and has fairly buried, or tired, seventeen Chancellors, out of their Lives.

This is a Suit, indeed, of very material Consequence to me ; but I do not apprehend that I shall ever receive the Mortification I did from my late one, for the Reason above specified. “ Never ending, still beginning.”

So that I shall, perhaps, like a Miser, die rich, after having lived poor all my Life :

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Life: Or lose the Game, for want of a
Point, with a Pique in my Hand.
Poor Somers is in the highest Difficulty.
He was bound, it seems, for his Relation
Winterton, whose Name you may now
read in the Gazette.* He has been obli-
ged to abscond on the Occasion, and has
taken refuge with me: Welcome on his
own account, as my Friend, but doubly so
for his Friendship to others.

I think that his should be made a com-
mon Cause, with all the generous and hu-
mane; but as all such probably may too
generally be labouring under the same
Predicament, themselves, suppose I we
Among the List of Bankrupts.

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were to mulct the selfish and unfeeling
for him, and make them pay, as *Jenny
Diver* says, *for what they can't do*. Old
Bachelors used formerly to pay a double
Poll-tax, as so otherwise contributing to
the Support of the State. Two Heads
were not better than one, in that case.

Mean is the Soul which its own Good can fill,
A prosperous World alone can feast my Will.
How poor, at best, who other's Misery sees,
Wanting the wish'd-for Power to give them
Ease !

Rich only he whose Sway being unconfin'd,
Can with unbounded Influence bless Mankind.
A Glory this unreach'd but on a Throne.
All were enough, but less than all were none.

I repeat these *anonyma* imperfectly, from
Memory. The Lines are *bad*, because
indifferent. *Mediocribus esse Poetis, &c.*
but

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but the Idea is noble, and has a beautiful Extravagance in it, that charms me. "But less than all were none."

Thus, you see, instead of brooding over my own Distresses, I turn aside, to lament those of others. I find this relieves, rather than aggravates, my Sufferings---according to that sweet Line in *Spenser*,

Forgetful of his own, who heeds an other's Care.

Somers salutes you.

Adieu.

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LETTER IV.

WE spent a pleasant Week of it here, during the Races. I never went into the Field. I hate Noise, Hurry, and Strife. The *Astons*, *Talbot*, *Strode*, and the Dean, were with me, most of the Time. Was not this Groupe finely contrasted? "The sharp melts the sweet, and the mild sooths the strong." We all wished sincerely for your Company, which I mention just to shew you that I am no *News-monger*.

Our Divine, still labouring in his Vocation, was at me, as usual, on the Subject

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ject of Matrimony; and brought down old *Genesis* against me, to prove that Man is imperfect, till he has replaced his *Rib*.

I played him off again, by saying, that the Hebrew Word so construed in our English Translation, is rendered *pleura* in the Greek, by the inspired LXX. or LXXII. rather: So that a Wife may be deemed a *pleuretic Stitch*, said I, ever since; and *hæret lateri* the true Poesy for a *Wedding-ring*. With such kind of impertinent *Jeux de Mots* I got rid of the Argument.

The good well-meaning Man knows nothing of the Peculiarity of my Situation. Indeed you are my only Confident, in that difficult Affair. Alas! tis not
owing

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owing to any Averſion, but to the Proſpect of the higheſt Blifs in that State, that I have remained ſo long an Individual of Society.

Reverend and honourable Matrimony !
Mother of lawful Sweets, unſhamed Mornings,
Dangerleſs Pleaſures.. Thou that mak'ſt the
Bed

Both pleaſant and legitimately fruitful.
Without thee the World were but ſoiled Baſtardy.

*Thou art the chiefeſt and the goodlieſt Form
That put'ſt a Diff'rence between our Deſires,
And the ungovern'd Appetites of Beaſts.*

There is an Expreſſion I have ſomewhere met with, that pleaſed me. " Thoſe
" who have never loved, may be ſaid to
" live, as the Sot drinks ; they *ſwallow*
" Life, without *taſting* it."

If

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If the great Event should happen, during his Life, the Doctor shall enjoy the Triumph of thinking that he has made a Convert of me.

Adieu! For you know, that whenever I touch on this Subject, it takes such an intire Possession of my Mind, that I can speak, write, or think, upon no other.

LETTER

LETTER V.

I Am charmed with this new Scheme for your Preferment, as I think that it would be compleatly winding up the Novel of your truly romantic Life. 'Tis for this Reason, perhaps, that I happen to be more sanguine about it, than you seem to be, by your Letter. But I am not one of those cold Heads who are apt to think every thing impossible, merely because it is improbable.

The Canons don't oppose you: All they require, I think, is that the Person received into Holy Orders shall be of unspotted

spotted Life and Manners ; a regular frequenter and Partaker of the Christian Service and Communion, *during a certain limited Time*, with an inward Call (*the least Whisper will do*) of the Spirit.

Colleges were not founded, when Ordination was first introduced into the Œconomy of the Church ; therefore Degrees cannot be of the Orthodoxy. The *Gradus ad Parnassum* is not necessary, *ad Cælum*. Your Life and Writings sufficiently shew that you have already taken your Degrees, in Morals and Religion, at least.

The Objection, on account of your Age, is surely a weak one. 'Tis never too late *to be virtuous*, and why should you think it *so to be a Parson*? Our Laws deem a Man
not

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not to be of sufficient Discretion to manage his temporal Affairs, till twenty-one, and methinks it should require double that Term, or more, to ripen us to the Conduct of our spiritual Concerns. You are now happily arrived at the true Age of *infallibility*; for there never was a Pope sanctified, I believe, before your Years.

The only Difficulty that appears to stand against you, is the general Usage, in such Cases, which respects a Diploma. And where find the Bishop, who would, prefer a Reason to a Rule? We must look for him, I fear, in *Democritus ridens*.* But if your Patron will only offer him a

* The Author there draws the Character of a truly Christian Bishop; and then concludes with saying, that *there never was, nor ever will be, such a Man.*

Turn

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Turn in the Presentation, I dare answer for it that all Obstacles will instantly vanish, and this single *in ordine ad* be deemed alone sufficient, to intitle you to a Band and Cassock.

Success attend you : And to shew you how well qualified I am to become your Clerk, I shall add *Amen* !.

P. S. The Image, in your Letter, of your reading your *probation* Sermon with Spectacles on, made me smile.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

London, May 23.

I Am sorry it is not in my Power to accept of your Hospitality, at this Time, as the Affair I was called up to Town about, is not yet finished, and I beg leave, for this once, to prefer my Business to my Pleasure.

Though I should feel a strange Jumble in my Mind, with regard to this latter Article too, if I were at Liberty to indulge it; as the Unnaturalness of the Season is so very uncomfortable, representing the *Marriage of January and May*, with a
Witness,

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Witness, that it would be an irksome Thing to have the Town to regret, without rejoicing in the Country; which must certainly be the case, while this persevering Wind continues.

Mr. G---- is going, or rather *staying*, to be married; for he is making a Sort of patriarchal Courtship of it, without Considering how much both Time and Money have been curtailed, since that æra. And e're he starts a thousand Steps are lost.

There's a noble Parody for you; to quote an Image of Speed, in Allusion to Delay. But lucky Nonsense often passes for Wit. Why may not the fortuitous Concourse of the Alphabet, form an Epopée, as well as Atoms make a World?

I never

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I never see a Mother combing her Child's Head on the Bellows, but I think of Dame Nature, under *Epicurus's* Idea of her. You see first a Cloud of inert Matter, like the Chaos, falling down; and soon after perceive a Parcel of little lively Particles frisking it, here and there, till the intire Mass becomes a Jig.

But 'tis Time to put myself in Motion, and set about my Business, that I may be at liberty to jig down to you; though the Wind will box the Compass round, I fear, before I shall be able to get my Attorney to prepare the Leases.

Yours.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

I Need not make you the least Apology, I fancy, for my *kind* Breach of Promise, this Morning; for I really never meant to disturb you, though you desired, or rather *asked* it, last Night. The Proposition shocked me, at the Time, by raising an Idea of the *Day of Judgment*: for nothing less than the *last Trumpet* would be able to rouse you, so early. And as they will have a good deal of Business on their Hands, that Term, the Court, I suppose, will be sitting, betimes.

The Morning, *I must inform you*, was wet and windy; but Exercise I have
ever

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ever found to be a full Match for the worst Weather. It cleared up, about twelve or one, and the Country looked the more charming, from the Storm before. It resembled the Countenance of a beautiful Person who had heard some bad News contradicted, which they had been just lamenting.

I have supped, am weary, and impatient for Bed, waiting only to finish this Letter; which is something like making my Will; for I fancy and hope that my Close of Life will be like my present Sensations, tending ~~to~~, and rejoicing in Rest---*uti Conviva*.

Adieu.

CODICIL.

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C O D I C I L.

Love to our last Night Rakes ; and
for that they seemed to like the Wine,
give them another Stoop of it, at my
Suit, the 17th of next Month, to memo-
randum my Birth-day. I shall pledge ye
somewhere or other on the Continent.

C LETTER

LETTER VIII.

But my particular Attention and Observation, during the few Days I staid, was mostly employed upon Mr. N---, who happened to be there. You know his Character, perhaps his Person; and I own that I had long wished to become acquainted with *one of the best Kind of Men in the World.*

I hope this is not true, for I don't like his *Stamp*.---'tis too weak to mark an *Impression*. He is a gentle, easy, complacent, well-tempered Man, with an humane,
mane,

mane, a charitable, and a moral Nature. But this is no more Virtue, *Virtus*, than Water is Wine----It wants the Spirit. True Virtue is like Chivalry ; it seeks Occasions, without waiting till they present themselves.

Now Mr. N---- is no *Knight-Errant*. He could never have been a *Theseus*, or an *Hercules*, going about quelling Monsters, and relieving from Oppression ; but might have made a good Sort of *Solon* or *Lycurgus*, enough ; a Kind of civil Magistrate, for the Administration of Justice---without Hazard or Labour.

Such Persons may only be said to be *well-disposed*, but can never be pronounced *virtuous*, and must be *translated* to Hea-

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ven, like *Enoch*, as not having Activity enough to scramble thither of themselves. This is not the Rock to hew Martyrs out of.

Vice is active, and Virtue that does not take the Field, can be no Match for it : For as the Evil Spirit is said to go about, seeking *whom it may devour*, the good one should be as industrious, to rescue the Victims from its Jaws.

Vice could never have been permitted, in the Œconomy of the World, upon its own Account, as of an independent Nature ; but as an Exercise to Virtue : and those who do not hunt it down, neglect their Quarry ; forgetting that the State of Christianity is a *Church militant*.

You

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You may pick up Notes for your first Sermon, out of this Letter, so *consider of what has been said*, and adieu.

LETTER IX.

I Thank you extremely, for the Books you were so kind to send me. Though is it fair to ask my Opinion, after your having made me a Present of them? I don't mean the Proverb against *looking a gift Horse*, &c. but that by this very Act you had already stamped their Value; and I must commend them, for fear of judging wrong, by venturing to differ in any Opinion from you.

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But indeed this is a Point in which I cannot possibly mistake another's Judgment for my own ; because I *feel* the Merit of these Writings, without the Critic's Aid. How preferable are the natural Dictates of the Heart, to the most elaborate Inditings of the Head ! Not but that both Heart and Hand seem to have marched perfectly well together, in this charming Work ; for there is a peculiar Warmth of Expression in it, which appears to be inspired by a Glow of Sentiment throughout.

They need no Muse, who can invoke their Heart.

A Moral only *moves*, but a Sentiment *transports* me : 'Tis the Enthusiasm of Ethics ; and, like the Flights of Poetry, rises above scholastic Rules.

A Friend

A Friend calls for my Assistance. Perhaps I can but ill afford it. *Cicero* says, *Ea Liberalitate utamur, quæ prodit Amicis, noceat nemini*; and according to *Woolaston*,* if the Relief required, should equally distress myself, *Truth*, as he styles it, directs me to refuse the Request. This may be true, in Philosophy, but Sentiment cries aloud, with *Prior*,

Beyond the fixed and settled Rules, &c.

This may, possibly, be human Logic, but not *humane* Syllogism. Sentiment is a divine *Entbymeme*, that hastens to the Conclusion, without ever waiting to regard the *Middle*---or to express my Sense of the Matter by an Equivoque---the *mean* Term.

* In his Religion of Nature.

How much more beautiful is Doctor *Hutcheson's* Sentiment, upon this Subject.*

“ Moral Good, or Virtue, says he, is a
 “ prevailing (natural) Disposition to pro-
 “ duce Happiness, in the greatest possible
 “ Degree ; and, therefore, will frequent-
 “ ly determine the Agent to suffer a cer-
 “ tain Degree of Pain or Distress, him-
 “ self, to produce *a greater one* of Hap-
 “ piness, to others. This Disposition,
 “ and those Actions, by which it is exer-
 “ cised, are perceived and approved by
 “ an *internal Sense*, which is therefore
 “ termed *a moral one* ; and thus we ar-
 “ rive at an intuitive Knowledge of Vir-
 “ tue, without any Deduction of remote
 “ Consequences.”

* Treatise on Happiness and Virtue.

The

The Energy of Friendship may be considered, in some sort, as one Proof of the Immortality of the Soul---of its Immateriality at least ; as it is an Expansion of the Mind, which endeavours to enlarge itself beyond the narrow Bounds of its own Mansion. It has none of the Perturbations of Love, of Ambition, or Avarice, in it, which have *Self* ultimately for their Object.

Like Music pure the Joy, without Allay,
Whose very Rapture is tranquility.

A steady Friendship too, affords a moral Assurance of the Virtue of both the Parties, because no other League could render the Union permanent. *Pliny* the elder gives a beautiful Description of this Attachment, by reckoning up the several

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Qualities that are requisite to form it. The Quaintness of the Manner in which he chose to express his Sentiment, on this Occasion, does not invalidate the Justness of it.

I can not suffer this transporting Subject, of the Soul's independent Existence, to die away, with one Argument only. May not the still eager Desire of the Union of two Lovers, even after Fruition---a Longing for something more than the Grossness of Matter can admit of---supply a further Hint, in this Way of reasoning. ?

And again. Whence is that Passion in Mankind, for Fame, for Glory, for a Name, when we shall be no more than
that

that ourselves, which we so ardently wish the Possession of, even beyond the Date of our Enjoyment ? This were an inexplicable Mystery, indeed, were we not to suppose some natural instinct in the human Mind, referable to a future State of Conscious Identity.

Est Deus in nobis, agitante calefcimus illo.

The Heavens declare the Glory of God, and the Firmament sheweth his Handywork. Yet what is all such Mechanism when compared to the Soul of Man ! The first shew his Greatness only, but the latter manifests his Goodness also. *Exultemus Domino.*

I cannot resist the Temptation of quoting a Passage from Doctor Young, upon this Subject.

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Know'st thou the Importance of a Soul immortal ?
Behold this Midnight Glory, Worlds on
Worlds !
Amazing Pomp ! Redouble this Amaze ;
Ten thousand add ; add twice ten thousand
more ;
Then weigh the whole—One Soul outweighs
them all,
And calls the astonishing Magnificence
Of unintelligent Creation, poor.

But to return, I wish that Parsons
would preach Friendship from their Pul-
pits, as one of the moral Duties of Life,
among those of a Son, a Father, an Hus-
band, &c. Consult your Concordance
for a Text, for the Subject.---No ; 'tis
best as it is. When once Love becomes
an Obligation---

Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER X.

THE repeated Accounts the Papers give, of these almost universal Earthquakes, is very alarming. One does not know whose *proximus ardet* it may be next. A Philosopher might very well have foretold the Destruction of the World, by Fire, long-ago, without being a Prophet. This may happen, in a natural Way ; the Deluge, you know, was a Miracle.

I envy the People of *South America*, where, though they have one Volcano that vomits Fire, have another, near it, which

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which spews out Water; preserving an algebraic Equation * between them.

Not but that your *Ætnas* and *Vesuvius's* are most lucky Circumstances, for those Countries. They are like Issues, which carry off the foul Humours of the Body. I wonder Nature did not think of such an Expedient, when she was making little Oeillet-holes in us. 'Twas a Shame for her to leave the Invention to Surgeons.

I wish, therefore, that we had some such burning Mountains any where in *England*; for if ever we should happen to have an Earthquake, *of our own*, (the Jog we had, lately, being only a Touch

* Where equal Quantities destroy each other.

on the Elbow from some of our Neighbours) we shall be all swallowed up alive.

However, as to the Dissolution of the World, hinted at above, you may set your Heart at rest about it. It is not so near, as has been so vainly imagined. I remember in 1750, a learned Bishop,* in *Ireland*, proved it, *as plain as Arithmetic*, that we had but a Lease of just two hundred and fifty Years, from the last *March*, to run, before the Great *Ejection* would take Place.

But to shew how Doctors differ, *even in the plainest Cases*, a certain Vicar, in his Lordship's Diocese, had the Impiety to engage in a Tenure, for nine hundred

* Doctor Clayton, Bishop of Clogher.

and

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and ninety-nine Years, soon after the Book was published. But this, I suppose, the cunning Parson did, by way of securing himself a Reversion, in the *New Jerusalem*, or *Millenium*. I advised the good Father in God to have the Fellow degraded. Had it been in *Portugal*, the Infidel would have suffered an *Auto de Fé*.

I think the *old Man*, as he is stiled in Scripture, has no Sort of Reason to complain, if the Kingdom of Sinners continues for six thousand Years, and that of the Saints only for one. But to leave such sublime Mysteries to rest in their own metaphysical Regions, let me just explain to you what Sort of Reasoning has happened to induce my heterodox Opinion, in this Article, and tempted me
to

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to differ so widely from *St. John*, in my Computation of the Matter.

First, are you well read in Astronomy? but no Matter, an Argument is never the worse, for not being understood.

Providence manifests a Purpose, a Design, throughout all its Works. Nobody doubts its Power of compassing its Schemes. All the heavenly Bodies, those great *Preachers of Theology* to us, perform Revolutions, in stated Periods; some round their own Axes, others about different Centres. Even the most Eccentric of the Planets, the Comets, obey this Law.

The

The World has already seen all these courses run, begun, continued and ended; some in longer, others in shorter Times; accomplished all, and all renewed again; excepting one, only; namely the Revolution, or what is called the *Precession*, of the Equinoxes; the Progress of which Movement has been noted by Astronomers; and from a Calculation, made between the *Anastra* and *Stellata*, in a certain given Time, their Cycle will not be compleated, in less than Twenty Seven Thousand, Nine Hundred and Twenty Years; which, allowing Four-score, for Wear and Tear, in so long a Period, just quadruples *St. John's* computation, with regard to the Subsistence of the material Universe.

So

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So that if we may be allowed to reason on this Subject, from the Analogy of all the other Works of Creation, the above Period, at least, must be *rounded*, before the Soul of Beauty, Harmony and Order, shall think fit to prefer a *rude Chaos* to *elemented Matter*, or the Author of Nature a *smoking Dunghill* to a *vegetating World*.

Adieu.

LETTER

L E T T E R XI.

— — — — —
 — — — — —
 — — — — —.

Poor *Burton*! The Widow *Irwin* is dead, and has left him encumbered with a Thousand Pound Debt—He had borrowed it from her, I remember, when he bought his little Office; but I could not get him to understand her rightly, his Security could have been only *personal*; and having no Land to mortgage, he might have pledged his living Earth to her; for like old *Sbylock*, I think she would have preferred the Penalty, to the Bond.
Ad mensuram Inguinis Hæres.

But

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But this would not have been a *Sine-Cure*, like his late Purchase, I could answer for it; and *Charles*, you know, always hated *Business*. But perhaps 'tis better, now, as it is; for a disappointed Woman is always more enraged, than a *non-appointed* one; and poor *Limberham* might have been sent to Gaol, probably, the Morning after their first Affignation.

He has surrendered the Income of his Employment, to old *Black-acre's* Executrix, who was her Daughter, till the Debt be discharged, and has retired from *London* — There is an old Proverb, that *when Women go to Law, the Devil is full of Business*.

I have

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I have invited him to my House, as a *Solamen miseris* to the unfortunate Somers, whose Affairs are not yet accommodated; but I have the Pleasure to hear it will be soon compromised, upon easier Terms than was at first imagined.

They both send their Love to you.

Adieu.

LETTER

L E T T E R XII.

THE Answer you sent me from Mr.

P——, to my Letter, * though not such a one as I had Reason to have expected, is, however, no very great Disappointment to me. I am not naturally of a sanguine Disposition—Though perhaps I may be—but one Passion, like the Rod of *Aaron*, swallows up all the rest.

* He had applied to go abroad, with a Young Nobleman, who was then setting out on his Travels—But they are not such Men as he that are generally sent upon such Errands; and the *untraveller Wanderer* returns *accordingly*, after a four or five Years Tour.

In

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In Love my every Wish, Hope, Ambition and Avarice are centred.

Fame, Wealth and Honour, what are ye to Love?

Love is to me Dominion, Riches and Wisdom. 'Tis the Enjoyment of myself, with the Possession of a more than World besides. "Of one intire and perfect Chrysolite." Had Love been added to the Option of Solomon, he would surely have chosen, as Paris did, in the same Circumstance.

An Endeavour to advance one's Situation, or improve our Fortunes, is a very natural Impulse; and the strictest Philosophy can make no Objection to this,
where

where Reason or Religion forbid it not. I have therefore made several such Attempts, in my Life, as the late one, to forward those Ends; but having once acquitted myself of the Duty, I acquiesce in the Disappointment, without Impatience.

I have long continued to be beforehand with Fortune; for, in order to render my present State or Condition easy, I have raised my Hopes and Ambition to such a Summit of Happiness and Grandeur, in Idea, as is impossible for me ever to arrive at, in this World; so that the bearing those great Objects still in View, has made all intermediate Situations equal or indifferent, to me.

D

If

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If Fortune ever had Malice enough to disappoint me, it should render me happy. Thank Heaven, the Joys of Friendship are not among her Gifts, or I might not have remained so long in Possession of yours.

Adieu.

LETTER

L E T T E R XIII.

I Have just returned from——, and have left our Friend in a fair Way of Recovery; but his Brother not out of Danger, yet. 'Tis his own Fault, though— They were both' seized with the same Disorder, at the same Time, and with like Constitutions of Body—but different, very different, indeed, are their Tempers of Mind.

Though equally sick and in Pain, the one appeared a suffering Saint, while the other resembled a tortured Friend. In visiting them, one after the other, I fan-

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ced myself, like *Æneas*, passing from the Seats of Bliss, to those of Misery.

Hac Iter Elysiūm nobis; at læva malorum
Exercet Pænas. —

What a Variety must there be among Mankind, at large, when there is so great a Contrast between two Brothers!

Last Sunday I went to their Parish-Church, to hear Mr. *Melville* preach. He has a Character; and I thought acquitted himself, extremely well, upon his Text; which was the Parable of the *Ten Virgins*. But I did not much like the running his Sermon into a Satire, as he did, towards the Close of it.

From

From this Story, he took occasion to consider the Difference of the Times, between that Age and this—“ The Proportion then, said he, between the *wise and foolish Virgins*, was just half and half. “ But, at present, I fear the Church would “ be hardly able to collect its Tythe. Nor “ have the *Virgins* of these Days, Patience to wait till the *Bridegroom* comes; “ but often step forward to meet him— “ even before he is one.”

Now this was all very well, in itself, *sed non erat his Locus*. Though why so, after all? Can too many Weapons be brandished, against Vice? Is Wit unorthodox? *South* preached sound Doctrine, in this Stile— If your late Scheme should succeed, your Sermons will have a vast deal of this Turn,

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in them. I really believe you could not make an extempore Prayer, without a Trope—But believe me that I use none, in declaring myself wholly yours, in every Thing through Life.

Adieu.

LETTER XIV.

I Quitted our Affizes, this Morning, early, and walked Home, just six Miles! you are, you must be, surprized, astonished, at such a March, in me. I shall actually take it ill, if you are not: when little Folks perform great Achievements, they are apt to resent it, if the World admires, or wonders not.

But

But not to assume more Chivalry to myself, than I am fairly intitled to, I must confess that it was *a forced March*, only. I never had Magnanimity enough to have attempted such an Exploit : but the Morning was fine, my Chaise not ready—I hate Waiting—set out before it, and was not overtaken, till I got within a Quarter of a Mile of my House—I scorned to mount, then ; for what, between Action and Passion, I had chafed myself into a little Bit of an Hero.

I stopped on the Summit of every little Eminence, and looked back, with a Sigh, in vain ; I would have waited for my Carriage, at each Mile's End, but that I found it less Fatigue to move, than stand still ; So on I trudged, till I had accomplished my *Pilgrimage*.

Robert made his Apology to me, with Tears in his Eyes ; telling me, with the utmost *Naïveté*, that he had staid behind, to take Leave of a dear Friend of his, who was yesterday condemned to be hanged, for Horse-stealing. Should I continue him, any longer, as my Groom, after this ? Yes, sooner than as my Butler, perhaps : *Specific* Warnings are the best—besides the Connection will be dissolved, to-morrow.—

I could not resist the Affection I have for writing to you, by this Opportunity of sending you a Piece of Venison, per Bearer, though I am covered all over with most heroic Sweat and Dust, *Patiens Pulveris, latque Solis*, and must set about refreshing myself, immediately. Adieu.

LETTER.

LETTER XV.

THE most useful Arts and Sciences have been found out, more by Accident, than by Study. I have made a most lucky Discovery, lately, by being led in to walk home, from *Chelmsford*, the other Day, as mentioned in my last.

I was warm, tired, and covered with Dust. I immediately washed myself, and shifted my Garments, from Head to Foot, with a Purpose of lolling on a Couch, for the rest of the Day. But the Exercise had given such a brisk Circulation to my Blood, that I could not

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possibly sit still. I thought the Fatigue had been in my Feet and Legs, but found that it lay only in my Shoes-and Stockings---and when they were refreshed, I became so too.

I went into the Garden, but felt like one immured---the Height of the Walls seemed to obstruct my breathing. I then walked forth, through the Postern, and strolled about the Fields and Highways, till my Bell rung for Dinner; and returned home, regretting the being deprived of my *quant. suf.* of Air and Exercise.

May not this Circumstance, in some sort, resemble the Union of Mind and Body? I imagine that the Soul will feel
itself

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itself thus light and agile, when it shall exuviate, or cast off its filthy Slough, for ever. *Deposita Sarcina, levior volabit ad Astra.*

My Mind became as active as my Body—I walked about the Parlour, all the Evening, repeating Heroics, aloud ; and could sooner have composed an Epic Poem, than my own Spirits. Charming Delirium ! I hope that Madness affords a Taste of somewhat like to this—Ah, no ! 'tis rather the Phrenzy of Drunkenness, or the Ravings of a Fever.

To the many other *Salamens* of Grief or Misery, recommended by Philosophers and Divines, let me add this physical one, of Exercise. 'Tis worth all the Stoic

60 ORIGINAL LETTERS.

Lectures that ever were preached, from the Pulpit or the Porch. All that Philosophy or Religion can do for us, is to cast a Weight from off the Mind, but cannot prevent its falling on the Body. This will do both.

What is it that makes Women so much more hypochondriac, vapourish, and hysterical, than Men? Their Want of Exercise, principally—Those Fops, who live like them, are subject to the same Disorders.

Throw but a Stone, the Giant dies,

as some Poet says, in a beautiful Ode on the Spleen.

I had often heard the good Effects of Exercise, insisted on, and particularly recommended

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commended to myself, in vain. But an Ounce of Experience is worth a Pound of Advice, at any Time. And, in truth, what other Rule have we safely to rely on, when some Physicians, and those of great Name too, deny its Virtues ; say it wears out the Machine, too soon, by Friction or Attrition : that the Reason why Trees are longer lived than Man, is *because of their being rooted to a Spot ?* &c.*

In the same Way have Doctors differed, on the Cause of the patriarchal Longevity ; one College imputing it to their living intirely on *Vegetables*, and another to their eating nothing but *raw Meat*.

* *Paracelsus*, and others.

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Non nostrum inter eos tantas componere lites ; therefore our only Test is, to make Trial for ourselves, and be our own Physicians—For the truest Explication of this Sentence, *Experientia docet*, is by translating it, that *Experience is the best Doctor*.

This is, I think, the longest Letter I ever wrote. Observe the Inconsistency of Man. I am *sitting still*, in Praise of *Exercise*. But I shall release you, now, lest you should be provoked, to cry out, with *Jobson*, in the *Devil to Pay*, “*Has not the Lamb’s Wool done working, yet ?*”

Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

I Have received the Books, and other Parcels, safe, but have tasted none of them, yet, except the Tea, which I think very good. Yes. I read the Preface, and was most highly entertained with the Writing. 'Tis not a mere *Envelope*, I assure you, and promises fairly for the Work that is to follow.

The People are all running most devoutly mad, hereabouts, since you left me. *Whitfield* has got among them, and terrified some of my poor Neighbours, into Fits of Despair—Soufed them,
over

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over Head and Ears, into the very *Lough* of *Despond*.*

For when Preachings exceed the Power of Practice, they do more Harm than Good. 'Tis as if Religion was not made for Man ; or, as *Voltaire* says, that God can be served, like the Great Turk, in his Seraglio, by *Eunuchs* only. Such *righteous-over-much* Divines, who are not satisfied with the Scriptures, as they find them, and who would never have turned *Water into Wine*, nor spared *the Adultrers*, seem to act the Part of *Cartaphilus*, *Pontius Pilate's* Porter, in the old Legend, of the *Wandering Jew* ; who, when Our Saviour was walking deliberately out of the *Judgment-Hall*, gave him

● Pilgrim's Progress.

him a Push on the Back, and bid him *mend his Pace.*

Burton and I went to his Tabernacle, yesterday Morning, out of Curiosity, to compare Causes and Effects; where we were treated with a whole Pulpit-full of Nonsense, which was most greedily swallowed down by the greatest Part of his Congregation, I suppose, by their seeming to be most sadly affected with the Cholic, manifested by their Contortions and Groanings.

Few People are Judges of Sense and Reason; but every one can see Grimace, and feel Enthusiasm. We are too apt to believe Pretenders sincere, upon bare Appearances; especially in Things where
we

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we would not dare to feign, ourselves; and Bowels filled with Wind, are true modern Inspiration.

We amused ourselves, most of the Time, with our Apostle's Physiognomy; which was, indeed, rather diabolical, than divine. For whether from some Obliquity of Nature, or the Extasies of his Devotion, he had, along with a Groupe of other frightful Features, contracted a most horrid Squint.

He would have made a good Fakir*—Whenever they would view a celestial

* An Indian Priest. The Numbers, Self-denials, Penances, Mortifications, Squalidity, and Rogueries, of this Sect, are almost incredible—They are reckoned, by some of the Eastern Writers, to amount to above Two Millions of Men.

Vision,

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Vision, they turn both their Eyes toward the End of their Nose. Devotees seldom look farther, and that is the Reason they are generally led by it.

Adieu.

L E T T E R XVIII.

I Send you, inclosed, a little Poem, that I think must surprize you. I have copied it from an old Manuscript Book of my dear Mother's, who had a fine Taste for the beautiful Simplicity of the old English Poetry ; and used to preserve all fugitive Pieces, of the Kind, that she happened to meet with, any where. All the

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the Ballads in that Collection, as she says, in a short Preface to it, had been picked up, here and there, from ancient Manuscripts, or old Books out of Print, of anonymous Authors.

Both the Title and the Story, you see, are the same with the admired Ballad, given to the World by *David Mallet*, as his own, but plainly copied from this one ; with some Alterations, manifestly for the worse ; as I believe you'll think, if you take the Pains to collate the Lines ; particularly noting the Passages I have marked in *Italics*, and comparing them with the Quotations from the *second-hand* one, given at bottom.

Mr.

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Mr. *Mallet* pretends to have taken the Hint, from a Stanza, quoted in a Play of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher's*; stiled *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*;* and which seems to have been Part of this very Poem; and which being, I suppose, long out of Print, he thought he had a Right to pick up, as a *Waft or Stray*; claiming as *Lord of the Manor of Parnassus*, I presume.

This Ballad is the only one of the Kind, that he ever published; and, indeed, is quite out of the Stile of his other Writings; but as it was the first Thing that brought him into Notice, is it not pro-

* “ When all was wrapt in dark Midnight,
“ And all were fast asleep,” &c.

bable.

70 ORIGINAL LETTERS.

bable that he would have attempted more such Imitations of the old English Lyre, had he been the genuine Author of this one? It should seem then, that he had not the good Fortune to have met with any more *Orphan* Pieces, or obsolete Originals, in his Time.*

Adieu.

* The Author is right in his Remark, as far as this Circumstance might have come to his Knowledge, as he speaks upon Mr. *Mallet's* Works, in three Volumes, published in his Life Time. But there has appeared, lately, a small posthumous Work of his, in which there is a Ballad, on the old Story of *Edwin* and *Emma*, that I think is equal, at least, to *William* and *Margaret*.

But, with Regard to this Latter, I own I agree with our Author, in my Opinion, about it, for this Reason. Had he been the Poet of what he called the *original* one above, why should he have altered it for the Worse, in so many Passages? One must naturally suspect that there must have been some Reason for varying, or disguising the Text.

WILLIAM

WILLIAM and MARGARET:

AN ANCIENT BALLAD.

I.

WHEN Hope lay hushed in silent Night, (1)
And Woe was wrapped in sleep, (2)
In glided Margaret's pale-eyed (3) Ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

II.

Her Face was like an April Sky, (4)
Dimmed (5) by a scattering (6) Cloud,
Her clay cold lily Hand, Knee high,
Held up her fable Shroud.

III.

So shall the fairest Face appear,
When youthful Years (7) are flown !
Such the last Robe that Kings must wear,
When Death has rest their Crown !

(1) 'Twas at the silent solemn Hour,

(2) When Night and Morning meet.

(3) Grimly. (4) Morn. (5) Clad. (6) Wintry.

(7) Youth and Years.

IV. Her

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IV.

Her Bloom was like the *Morning* (1) Flower,
That sips the silver Dew,
The Rose *had* (2) budded in her Cheek,
Just opening to the View.

V.

But Love *had*, like a Canker Worm,
Consumed her *tender Prime*, (3)
The Rose of *Beauty* *paled and pined*, (4)
And (5) died before *its* (6) Time.*

VI.

Awake, she cried, thy True Love calls,
Come from her Midnight Grave,
Late (7) let thy Pity *mourn a Wretch*, (8)
Thy Love refused to save.

(1) Springing. (2) Was. (3) Early Prime. *Tautology.*

(4) Grew pale, and left her Cheek,

(5) She. (6) Her. (7) Now. (8) Hear the Maid.

* Compare this Verse with the Speech of Viola.

"She let Concealment, like a Worm i'th Bud,

"Prey on her Damask Cheek." Shakespear.

VII. This

VII.

This is the *dark and fearful* (1) Hour,
 When injured Ghosts complain,
 And *Lover's Tombs* (2) give up their Dead,
 To haunt the faithless Swain.

VIII.

Bethink thee, William, of thy Fault,
 Thy Pledge of (3) broken Truth,
See the sad Lesson thou hast taught (4)
 To unsuspecting Youth.

IX.

Why did you first o'erprize my Charms,
 Yet all those Charms forsake,
 Why fighed you for my Virgin Heart,
 Then left it thus to break?

(1) Dumb and dreary.

(2) Yawning Graves.

(3) And.

(4) And give me back my Maide

(5) And give me back my Troth

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X.

Why did you *present pledge such Vows*, (1)
And none in Absence keep? (2)
Why said you that my Eyes were bright,
Yet taught them first to weep?

XI.

Why did you *praise my blushing Lips*, (3)
Yet make their *Scarlet pale?*
And why, alas, did I, fond Maid,
Believe the flattering Tale?

XII.

But now my Face no more is fair,
My Lips retain no red,
Fixed are my Eyes in Death's still glare, (4)
And Love's vain Hope is fled. (5)

(1) Promise Love to me.

(2) And not that Promise keep?

(3) Say my Lip was sweet.

(4) Dark are my Eyes now closed in Death.

(5) And every Charm is fled.

XIII. The

XIII.

The hungry Worm my *Partner* (1) is,
 This Winding Sheet my Dress,
A long and weary Night must pass, (2)
Ere Heaven allows Redress. (3)

XIV.

But hark ! *'Tis Day, the Darknefs flies*, (4)
 Take one long last Adieu,
 Come see, false Man, how low she lies,
 Who died for *pitying* (5) you.

XV.

The Birds sang out, the Morning smiled,
And streaked the Sky with Red, (6)
 Pale William shook in every Limb,
 And *started from* (7) his Bed.

- (1) *Sister*. The Allusion to *Job* xvii. 14. too quaint.
 (2) And cold and weary lasts our Night.
 (3) Till that last Morn appear.
 (4) The Cock hath warned me hence. (5) Love of.
 (6) With Beams of rosy red. (7) Raving left.

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XVI.

Weeping he sought (1) the fatal Place,
Where Margaret's Body lay,
And stretched him o'er the green Grass Turf,
That *veiled* (2) her breathless Clay.

XVII.

Thrice called, unheard (3) on Margaret's Name,
And thrice *fore wept her Fate*, (4)
Then laid his Cheek *on* (5) her cold Grave,
And died and loved too late. (6)

(1) He hyed him to. (2) Wrapt.

(3) And thrice he called. (4) He wept full fore.

(5) To. (6) And Word spake never more.

I have only just pointed to the most considerable of the *different Readings*, leaving it to your own Taste to criticise them; but cannot help remarking how poor and flat the last Line of the Copy ends the Ballad, in Comparison of the Original. The Moral is there left out, as well as in the VIIIth Stanza.

LETTER

L E T T E R XVIII.

—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—

Was it my Fault, I pray you? When Circumstances or Situations run counter, and happen untowardly, let the Occasion answer for itself, without Impeachment on the poor Culprit, who may have the Misfortune to have been bound, Hand and Foot, in the unlucky Adventure. We cannot *command* Events, and they have seldom Patience enough to wait till 'tis in our Power to *obey* them.

E 3

I could

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I could not possibly, just then, relieve the Difficulty; but I gave the best current Counsel I had about me. We are all free enough of Advice---'tis the only Liberality which does not impoverish the Donor.

Dent licet assidue, nil tam inde perit.

says Ovid, in his *De Arte*---though I do not, at present, recollect how he could well apply the Maxim, on that Subject. No matter, Poetical Licenses are licentious. I may plead the same Privilege, myself, at this Moment: for I am prating away, without knowing what I am saying, merely to turn aside the Thoughts of the Mortification I have laboured under, these three Days, on the late Occasion.

But

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But the endeavouring to divert an uneasy Idea, serves often to imprint it the more strongly on the Mind. Therefore adieu.

LETTER XIX.

Ireland.

I Assure you that I am extremely pleased with my Jaunt hither. The Country, in general, as far as I have yet seen it, is fine, and the People very chearful and agreeable. They both want a good deal of Education---perhaps *Cultivation* would be a fitter Term, as it might more aptly apply to each.

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The Natives abound, or rather *exceed*, in Hospitality. 'Tis disagreeable, *in Men*, at least, to be pressed, even to what one might otherwise chuse of their own Accord. Their Manners, which I did not expect, have a good deal of the French in them. They have the same Ease and Freedom, but want their Politeness.

Some Writer characterizes this People under the Description of *Gens Ratione furens*, a Nation that has a Rage for Disputation. I have remarked this Turn of Disposition among them, myself; but am most highly delighted with their Method of determining a Controversy. Whenever their Arguments happen to be deficient, they immediately *lay a Wager*; and their Bet, upon such Occasions, according

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according to the Genius of the Country, is generally in Meat and Drink. A Rump and a Dozen is the usual one. Beef and Claret is the Word. And to this sociable *Syllogism* the whole Company present, with the chosen Umpire, are invited.

What pleases me more particularly in this Mode of *Irish Logic*, is that it has a natural Tendency to correct Obstinacy; as a Person will probably soon cease to be vindictive, when he finds it to become expensive. A Man must have a good Fortune, who can afford to be often in the Wrong, in this Country.

My Friend and I travel on to *Dublin*, the Beginning of the ensuing Term; and

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as soon as he has *put in his Answer*, we shall set sail for *Old England* for ever.

Adieu.

LETTER XX.

Dublin.

AS we landed at *Corke* from *Bristol*, I had not seen this Capital before, and I confess it has surprized me. *Ur-
bem quam dicunt Dublinium*---I little expected to have met with such spacious Streets, and princely Palaces, as are to be seen throughout this Metropolis. There is not such an Area, or Square, in *London*, not in *Europe*, as *Stephen's Green*.

But

But the Suburbs, or what they stile the *Out-lets* here, are the richest and most beautiful Landscapes, most of them *Seascapes*, too, that ever I beheld. I was carried on a Water-party, into the Harbour, t'other day, to dine on board a Man of War stationed there, at present, and on looking back towards the City, the Prospect exceeded, in my Opinion, the Bay of *Naples*, which I had so lately seen, and is reckoned the finest View in *Italy*. The Buildings round the latter make certainly a nobler Appearance, as the Entrance into the River here, is the poorest Part of the City ; but then the extensive Verdure, on all Sides, gives this the Advantage that Nature must ever preserve over Art.

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However, these were not so great Matters of Astonishment to me, as to have had the Good-fortune to be introduced to the Acquaintance of Men whose Names I had never even heard of before, of as good Sense, and Science, as any I had ever been acquainted with, in *England*. When you talk of *Bæotia*, for the future, I insist on your leaving this Country out of your Geography. They would not have served *Pindar* here, as they did in his own Nation,* raise a Statue to a common Ballad-finger, and leave him unnoticed. 'Tis extremely useful to go abroad, sometimes, to wear off Prejudices.

This gave me Curiosity to enquire at a Bookfeller's, for what Works had been written

* *Thebes*, the Capital of *Bæotia*.

written here ; and he presented me with a Catalogue, for a Library ; tho' most of them, indeed, published in *London*, as there happens not to be much Encouragement for Literature, in this Kingdom.

I have bought all the Books whose Subjects tempted me, but have only looked into one Set of them, intituled *Hibernicus's Letters* ; which are a Collection of Weekly-papers, that came out some Years ago, and which may vie with the Spectators, for Morals, Erudition, Philosophy, Wit and Humour.

There are, indeed, here and there, some peculiar Modes of Speech, or Idioms of this Country Dialect, in these Writings,
which

which like the *Patavinité* of *Livy*, are not in the correct English Stile of Expression ; such as, *at the long run, on the catch, such like, corrupted, for corrupt, &c.* but these external Spots affect not the intrinsic Merit of the Thoughts and Reflections, which are both just and ingenious, throughout.

In two of his Papers, he attacks *the Fable of the Bees*, with more Success, I think, than all the Moralists and Divines who had undertaken that Writer before. He has shewn the Vice, Folly, and Absurdity of that dangerous Piece, in such a Light, as may tempt Posterity to imagine that *Mandevil*, was only a *Nick-name* given to the Author, and derived from *Old-Nick*.

Th

The Compiler of these Tracts, has not, however, been quite judicious, in some Parts of his Collection; particularly in one Place, where he publishes the Remains of a Clergyman, whom he does not name, but mentions as one whose Writings had been received with Applause.* And these consist of two Poems, one on *Our Saviour*, and the other on *Bacchus*. The placing these two Titles together is the principal Objection I have to the Passage, for there is a Sort of Moral in the latter, which might have justified it separately.

In one of his Papers that I read this Morning, he tells the Story of *Diogenes's* Manner of ridiculing *Plato's* Definition
of

* Archdeacon Parnell.

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of Man, by picking out the Feathers of a Cock---He acknowledges the Description to have been imperfect; but says, that if *Plato* had added *the Faculty of Speech*, it would have left the Cynic no room for his Jest. True enough, I grant him, with regard to the Example of the *Cock*; but if *Diogenes* had deplumed a *Parrot*, it would surely have been an Improvement of the Banter.

There is a precious Fragment preserved in these Volumes, that is not to be met with elsewhere, and has great Merit with those who admire the pathetic Simplicity in the Stile of the old English Ballads; which every Person of a true natural Taste must do. Refinement loses its Name, when it debauches our Relish for such artless Compositions.

There

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There is Room enough left in this
Sheet, to give you the Quotation, and I
shall send it to you here.

How oft didst thou declare to me,
The Heavens should turn to nought ;
The Sun should first obscured be,
E're thou should'st change thy Thought.

Ye Heavens, dissolve, without Delay,
Sun, shew thy Face no more !
Amyntas' Love is lost for ay ;
And woe is me, therefore.

God knows it would not grieve me much,
To lose my Life for thee ;
But oh ! too near it doth me touch,
Thou shouldst my Murderer be !

With that her Hand, cold, wan and pale,
Upon her Breast she lays ;
And feeling that her Breath did fail,
She sighs, and thus she says —

Amyntas---

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Amyntas—and with that, poor Maid,
She sighed again, so sore,
That after that she nothing said,
Nor sighed, nor spake, no more.”

I shall follow the unhappy Girl's Example, here, and conclude myself, ever yours.

P. S. I have looked into the three Volumes of *Antient Poetry*, lately published by Mr. *Percy*, to see if he had taken this Fragment into that Collection; but find it had escaped him.

Either we must suppose that *Otway* had seen it, or that this must be a strong Instance of the old Saying, *Good Wits jump*: for the following Passage, in his Orphan,

ORIGINAL LETTERS. 91

Orphan, seems to be but a Copy, or Paraphrase, upon the two first Stanzas.

————— Oh ! how often has he sworn
Nature should change, the Sun and Stars
grow dark,
Ere he would falsify his Vows to me !
Make haste, Confusion, then, Sun, lose thy
Light,
And Stars drop down with Sorrow to the
Earth ;
For my *Castalio's* false."

How much is the sweet Simplicity of the
Ballad, impaired in the Imitation.

There is a similar Passage in that sweet
Epistle of *Ovid*, from *Ænone* to *Paris*,
though the Image is not the same—even
as different as *Fire* and *Water*—

Popule

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Popule, vive, precor, quæ confitâ margina
ripæ,

Hoc in rugoso cortice carmen habes.

“ Cum Paris Œnone poterit spirare relictâ,

“ Ad fontem Xanthi versa recurret aqua.”

Xanthe, retro propera; versæque recurrite
lymphæ;

Sustinet Œnonen descruisse Paris.

I shall take the Liberty of remarking
here, upon the Epithet *rugoso*, or *rough*,
in the second Line, above, as appli-
ed to the *Poplar*, whose Rind is smooth;
in *England*, at least; whatever it might
have been on the Banks of the *Xanthus*,
or *Scamander*.

LETTER

L E T T E R XXI.

I Have just finished the Books I mentioned to you in my last, and am really charmed with them. 'Tis surprizing that they have not been carried into *England* yet. I shall bring them over to you ; but, in the mean Time, cannot resist the Impulse I feel to give you some farther Foretaste of them, which I shall do by copying out two of the Papers for you. I have Leisure, love writing to you, and am very sure that nothing I can say could entertain you, half so well, as the Transcripts I shall immediately set about, as soon as I have bade my dear Friend adieu.

The

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The First of the Papers is only a Translation from the French of an anonymous Author ; but as it is a pretty just and admirably drawn Character, of the English Nation, and that you may not be able to meet the Piece elsewhere, I send it to you. The other is Original, and signed *Hibernicus*, who was the Compiler, and Writer, of far the greatest Number of these Essays.

N U M B E R X C.

“ It seems to me to be the general Character of the *English*, that they have either great *Virtues*, or great *Vices* ; and very often a Mixture of both. For, notwithstanding they have Abundance of *good Sense*, their is something of Caprice
that

that always accompanies it. They have generally great Souls; and their Inequalities set them as often above other Nations, as they make them fall short of them. The most Part of them have Imagination; but the Fire of it resembles that of their Coals, in having more Warmth, than Brightness.

“They speak but little, and almost every Thing they say is *Sentiment*.^{*} They make Reflections upon Things, and understand the real Worth of them the better from considering them with their own Eyes, and having the Courage to judge for themselves.

^{*} I have not seen the Original, and therefore am not every where sure of the Translation. I fancy the Word here should be rather *Sententious*.

“Content

“ Content with their Condition, if it be but tolerable, they seldom make any great Struggles to render it better. Therefore few of them go abroad to seek their Fortunes; but, for the Honour of those that do so, we may say that there is hardly one of them who does not succeed.

“ They enjoy what they have, and live agreeable to their own Inclinations, in which there is nothing blamable, except that their Tastes are not over elegant. In other Things they are reasonable enough in their Expences, endeavouring less to appear happy, than to be so. And by this Means we may observe that in most Things they make it depend on themselves.

“ They

“ They give themselves very little Trouble about what others think concerning them; and take as little Notice of what they do. They act boldly against any Customs, however well established, whenever they happen to disagree either with their Opinions or Inclinations.

“ They generally regard Address and Behaviour very little; but they cultivate their Reason, and dare to make Use of it in the Business of Life, as well as in other Things. It is not unusual among them to retire from Business and Employments, and prefer a private and obscure Life, to Honour and Grandeur. As they enjoy Life better than is done elsewhere, so we may say that they are more easily satisfied with it, and quit it with less Reluctance.

F

“ This

“ This is the true Picture of an Englishman, an Englishman of Merit, and not engaged in any violent Pursuits. A Character made up of an happy Composition of good Sense and Indolence.

“ There are, however, certain Occasions, wherein it appears that Indolence is his governing Passion. He hates Difficulties and Trouble, and is unhappy when he finds himself engaged in them. Long Pursuits dishearten him, and he would rather *cut*, than *untie*.

“ In whatever does not relate to himself, he is apt to be credulous ; and rather than be at the Trouble of inquiring into the Truth, gives easy Credit to whatever is told him. Hence it is, I apprehend,

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prehend, that there are so many Stories told in this Country, of Spirits and Apparitions. I shall, perhaps, hereafter, have Occasion to give you several Proofs of their native Indolence, as well as of their good Sense.

“ Whenever they forsake this last, they forsake it altogether, and become the most unreasonable of Men; violent in their Desires, impatient under Misfortunes, incapable of remedying them; and so transported in their Anger as to strike themselves in their Face with their Fists, which they also do upon very small Occasions of Grief—For upon the greater ones they come sometimes to more violent Resolutions. In one Word, the English appear to me always in Extremes,

F 2 and

100 ORIGINAL LETTERS.

and run the greatest Lengths of Vice,
or reach the highest Pitch of Virtue.

“As to Religion, one may venture to say, that every Englishman seems resolved to have one without Faults, at least what he imagines to be so, or to have none, at all; and that this Country, contrary to all others, is without Hypocrites. But however that be, the Number of determined Libertines is much greater here, than elsewhere; which, however, ought not to reflect any Dishonour on the Nation, since those only are Libertines here, who would be Hypocrites there; and it is easy to determine which of these Sorts of People are the worst.

“There

“ There are also in this Country, an Abundance of Fanaticks, or People so called ; which is another strong Proof that the English are very ready to fall into Parties ; and are zealous in their Attachments to them. Among these, there are several who have formed the most extravagant Schemes of Religion, that can well be imagined.

“ On the other Hand, I believe there are in *England* a great Number of People of solid and rational Piety, as appears by the Number of good Books of Devotion among them ; which are, without Doubt, the Productions of virtuous and religious Men. The simple and wholesome Morality they contain, shews them to have been written by Men of

Learning; besides that there are some of them universally applauded, whose Author has nevertheless thought fit to keep himself unknown*—A Proof of his being raised far above those Views which the Learned generally propose to themselves by their Works.

“ The English bear Greatness tolerably well, and appear very little puffed up with it. I believe you will scarce ever hear it said among them, *A Man of my Quality---A Person of my Rank, &c.* They also carry themselves very modestly, in their Prosperity, which they make little Ostentation of, in their Expences.

* The Author of the *Whole Duty of Man*, and several other Works, may be the Person here intended—*Et multi alii Anonymi.*

“ No

“No Englishman ever tired me with speaking about his Coach, or his Equipage. They keep, indeed, always a good Table; and that is one of the first Things they establish. After this comes the *Mistress*, whom they entertain at an extraordinary Expence. And though all this were not a sufficient Argument that Avarice is not the Vice of the English, but that they go more readily into the other Extreme, yet may see it very evidently in the prodigious Number of Physicians, Lawyers, and *Astrologers*,* who are in great Reputation among them, and turn their Affairs to very good Account. Add to this the Folly of their

* This Description seems to have been written a great While before the *Æra* of the Translation, by this Expression.

Fashions, the Sumptuousness of their Monuments, and Funeral Solemnities ; by which Means great Sums of Money are consumed.

“ Among other Things, I have observed, at their Funerals, a Set of *Mourners*, or People called by that Name, who seem to fill their Place much better than those whom the Antients used to employ for that Purpose. For as the English have sometimes very little real Sorrow under their Mourning, which yet the Ceremony demands, it seems but reasonable that they should be indulged in a counterfeit one. I only mean that they are a little insensible, unless when transported by some extraordinary Passion ; in which Case they are often found to run into the other Extreme.

“ It

“ It is usually said to be a Part of their Character, that they are exceeding changeable ; and the Reason pretended for this is, the Variableness of the Air and Climate, in which they live. For my Part, I am persuaded the only Reason why they appear more so than others, is because they will not bear the least Constraint, and are always proud to seem what they really are ; an Effect both of their Indolence and Courage.

“ As for what may be alledged, with Respect to the Inconstancy of their Conduct towards their Princes, it may, perhaps, be well enough accounted for, by their having bad ones ; who, not liking the Limits set to their Power, endeavoured to alter the Constitution, and so

obliged their Subjects to alter their Behaviour to them—a Proceeding which very often ought to be ascribed to their good Sense.

“ There is one strong Proof that the English are not so easily changed, as is commonly imagined ; which is, that Advice never has any Influence on them, after they have once taken their Resolution, which they do very suddenly, and no less suddenly put it into Execution. This is evident in the Numbers of People who destroy themselves,* and the many unequal Marriages made among them.

* They do this as frequently in *France*, says *Voltaire*, but their News-Papers are under the Inspection of the *Police*, which never licenses any Article which reflects on the Character of the Nation.

“ This

ORIGINAL LETTERS. 107

“ This Briskness of Resolution is so much the Character of this People, that it is no rare Thing among them for young Women to make a Vow, to marry the first Man they meet with in the Streets ;* which they afterwards actually perform. In all this, however, there appears a Mixture of that *Fierceness*, which is, indeed, at the Bottom of their antient Character.

“ For the rest, they seem to retain something of every one of the different Nations by whom they have been conquered. They drink, like the *Saxons* ; they love hunting, like the *Danes* ; the *Normans* have left among them their Chicanery

* This is the first I ever heard of it.

and Knights of the Post; and they derive from the *Romans* their Fondness for savage Spectacles and Contempt of Death — unless these two Vlast are rather to be ascribed to their natural Temper.

“ They abound, also, in Characters which seem very inconsistent; they are charitable, and they are cruel; though they are lazy in their Actions, yet it is their usual Custom to walk fast: they are apt to despise Foreigners, too much, and yet as ready, at other Times, blindly to admire them. One would be inclined to imagine them all either Libertines, or Devotees; and yet they will fall together by the Ears, on Account of the most trifling Ceremony in Worship, such as neither religious People nor Libertines

com-

commonly think worthy of their Consideration.

“ Besides these, there are several other Contrarieties observable among them; yet such as ought not to give us any Manner of Surprise, in regard that they are no more than Infirmities or Inequalities frequently incident to Human Nature, in general.”

So far the Frenchman goes; and from the Spirit there appears to be in the Original, I do not think that the Translation has done the Author sufficient justice; I have therefore taken the Liberty to amend some Expressions, *en passant*, where the Fault seemed obvious.

I don't

I don't think him perfectly philosophic in his imputing *Fiercenefs* to the English, as their peculiar native Character: Human Nature is universally the same—'Tis Custom, Habit, or Education which solely make the Difference of Nations. The Breath of Liberty naturally inspires a Boldness and Self-sufficiency into our Minds, which if not softened or polished by Manners or Breeding, will be apt to betray themselves in such an outward Demeanor or Expression, as the Monsieur chuses to denominate *Fiercenefs*.

The King of *Prussia*, in a Letter to *Voltaire*, complimenting his Tragedy of *Julius Cæsar*, says, “ His Sentiments
“ are so justy adapted to the Characters,
“ throughout, that whoever reads the
“ Part

ORIGINAL LETTERS. III

“ Part of *Brutus*, must immediately acquire
“ knowledge him either for a *Roman*,
“ or a *Briton*.” *

In fine, 'tis the Constitution of *Laws*, not of *Minds*, that makes any remarkable Difference among Men. But superficial Observers are not capable of distinguishing a *natural*, from a *native* Disposition, and always confound them together. I must here refer myself to your own Comprehension, for a proper Scernment of these *Synonima*, for the Imperfection of Language cannot make out the Precision.

* This was certainly a very honest and a liberal Confession, from the Sovereign of a rival Nation ; and shews him to be an Hero, in every Thing.

I am

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I am so much fatigued with copying out this Tract, that I must defer the other, till the next Post.

Adieu.

L E T T E R XXII.

THE following Paper I had prepared you to expect, in my last Letter, so I shall make no other Preface to it, but proceed directly to the Transcription.

N U M B E R XCI.

Christmas-Eve, 1726..

*Animum excellentem moderatum, omnia
tanquam minora transeuntem, quicquid time-
mus, optamusque ridentem, cœlestis Potentia
agitat.*

agitat. Non potest res tanta sine Adminiculo Numinis stare.

SEN.

“ Finite Beings, be their Faculties ever so great, yet find this Imperfection in them, that they cannot exert them all at once, but must exercise them gradually, according as Objects present themselves, which is always in a Train or Succession. The intellectual Scene is perpetually shifting, in an endless Variety of short and fugitive Representations. The Power of thinking is not exerted in one continued Act, but requires the frequent Impulse of Objects to keep it in Exercise.

“ Nor is this Exercise an intire uniform, either, but a Series of very many
and

and very different Actions ; in the course of which there is a constant Fluctuation from one Thought to another, by which means our Ideas are rendered so confused and defective, that we are obliged to have recourse to Abstractions, and certain imaginary Species, which exist only in our Minds, to assist us in our Reasonings and Inquiries. We find, indeed, at present, a great Convenience in these artificial Forms of thinking ; but that we stand in need of them, at all, is a plain Argument of the Imperfection of our Knowledge, and the Weakness of our Faculties.

“ This Observation extends to every thing else in the human Mind, as well as the Understanding ; and is, indeed the natural

tural Consequence of the Imperfection to which that Faculty is subject. Our Happiness is regulated by the same Laws ; and all our Enjoyments come to us single, and in Succession. It is equally impossible for us to feel a Variety of Pleasures, at once, as it is for the Understanding to perceive a Multitude of Objects, at the same Instant.

“ Nay, in many Cases the Understanding seems to have the Advantage of the Affections, in this Point ; in regard the Objects of Love, Joy, or Admiration, do not lie so thick together as those of Knowledge and Reflection. The Objects of thinking rise upon us, every Moment ; but it is only at some Times that we meet
with

with those which are capable of producing in us joyful, pleasant, or delightful Sensations.

“ In order, therefore, to remedy these Defects, our merciful Creator has endowed the Mind of Man with certain Powers, which can revive the Ideas of past Pleasures, and give us a Foretaste of future Enjoyments ; by which means we are enabled to croud our Comforts together, and relieve ourselves from the Pressure of a great many Misfortunes, which might otherwise bear too heavy upon us. The Memory of past Enjoyments is oftentimes no small Relief to a melancholy Heart ; and I believe there are but few who have not experienced that Hope is the most efficacious of all other Remedies,
against

againſt the Calamities and Diſtreſſes we too generally meet with in Life.

“ Our actual Enjoyments are ſo few and fleeting, that were we deprived of this Power of anticipating our Felicity, and prepoſſeſſing ourſelves of imaginary Goods, it is highly probable we ſhould find Life an inſupportable Burden ; ſince, with all theſe Advantages, it is found to be ſo already, to Multitudes of Perſons, who, in the Eye of the World, appear poſſeſſed of every thing which can render it eaſy and comfortable.

“ From this Account of Human Nature, in its preſent Situation, we may obſerve how neceſſary it is to our Happineſs, to look forward into Futurity, in
order

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order to make us satisfied with ourselves, for any Length of Time. No one Enjoyment in Life, nor any single Action, however great or virtuous, can yield a perpetual Entertainment to Minds whose Satisfactions are all successive, and consequently intermitting. There must be a Continuation of the same Enjoyments, and a Repetition of the same pleasing Actions, to render our Felicity full and compleat. And where these are wanting, as they often are with most Men, and indeed with all Men, one Time or other, there is nothing which can make us easy, but the Hopes of repeating such Enjoyments, and engaging hereafter in the same Pursuit with Success. Our virtuous Inclinations, like all others with which we
are

are endowed, are liable to Disappointments, and consequently alike capable of giving us Pain, upon our finding them defeated.

“ What is there, then, that shall support Man under the Calamities of Life, and make him persist in a Course of neglected, or unsuccessful Virtue? No one virtuous Action, we see, is its own sufficient Reward, because our Minds require to have the Entertainment continually renewed. Many of our Virtues, notwithstanding the Pleasure of Self-approbation which they afford us, yet frequently occasion great Pain and Uneasiness. And, as Things commonly go in the World, we have but little rational Expectation that our future Enterprizes, let them be
ever

ever so good and virtuous, shall be always successful. So that, in Effect, though Virtue be indeed the direct and natural Road to Happiness, yet it frequently fails of being really so, and for that Reason stands in Need of some superior Power to aid and strengthen us in the constant Practice of it.

“ Many of the Heathen Philosophers were so sensible of this, that they found themselves obliged to make their virtuous Men have Recourse to the Supreme Being, for Assistance in all Cases of Difficulty or Misfortune. They saw Virtue exposed to so many Disasters and Calamities, that they judged nothing less than an almighty Succour, necessary for its Relief.

“ They

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“ They knew well enough that Virtue was in its own Nature amiable, and adapted to promote the Good of the Human Species ; or, in other Words, that the Good of Mankind consisted in a Course of virtuous Action and Enjoyment. Yet from a Consideration of the numerous Accidents and Misfortunes, to which good Men are liable, in this Life, they found it necessary to resolve our ultimate Felicity into a Dependence upon God, who being himself the Author and Fountain of all Good, is alone capable of supporting us, in every thing that is so ; of feeding our Minds with solid and well-grounded Hopes, and of satisfying every Desire, which can possibly enter into the Heart of Man.

G

“ This

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“ This was certainly a very noble, an useful, and a safe Principal, tending both to the Happiness and the Perfection of Mankind. For sure nothing can be more conducive to refine and exalt our Nature, than to set always before us the most perfect Model of all Goodness and Beauty. One of the greatest Men of Antiquity is said to have regulated all his Actions, on the Supposition of having *Cato* always present with him, as a Spectator and a Monitor; and boasted, that by that Means he had preserved his Virtue against many Temptations.

“ How much more then must he be proof against any ill Suggestions, who lives in the conscious Sense of having him for an Inspector, both of his Thoughts
and

and Actions, who is the Author of all the Wisdom and Goodness in the Universe; and the Rewarder of them too? And how nobly must that Mind be employed, which is fixed on the Contemplation of infinite Perfection, and endeavours to approve itself to its Creator!

“ The admirable Author of the *Theory of the Earth*, has a Reflection on this Subject, which it is impossible to read without Emotion. “ For my Part, says “ he, I cannot be persuaded that any “ Man of atheistical Notions can have a “ great and generous Soul. For there “ is nothing great in the World, if you “ take God out of it. Therefore such “ a Person can have no great Thoughts, “ can have no great Aims, or Expecta-
 G 2 “ tions,

122 ORIGINAL LETTERS.

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 G 2 “ tions,

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“ tions, or Designs : for all must be
“ comprized within the Compass of this
“ short Life, and of this dull Body.

“ Neither can he have any great In-
“ stincts, or noble Passions ; for, if he
“ had, they would naturally excite in
“ him greater Ideas, inspire him with
“ higher Notions, create in him a fonder
“ Hope, and transport his Mind with
“ more glorious Prospects, by laying open
“ the Scenes of the intellectual World.

“ Lastly, He cannot have any Sense
“ of Order, Wisdom, Goodness, Provi-
“ dence, or any of the Divine Attributes
“ —and these are the greatest Things
“ that can possibly enter into the Heart
“ of Man to conceive, and that do most
“ enlarge

“ enlarge and ennoble his Mind. There-
 “ fore, I say again, that he who is na-
 “ turally inclined to *Atbeism*, being na-
 “ turally destitute of all these Concep-
 “ tions, must consequently have a little
 “ and a narrow Soul.” *

According to this Account, it is easy
 to see that the greatest and best Part of
 our Happiness must be derived from the
 same Source; that bearing always a Pro-
 portion to the Enlargement of our Minds.
 None can deny but that Creatures di-
 rected by Reason have more and greater

* The above Quotation has much improved
 upon the Original, in some Passages; but as I
 have never seen *Hibernicus*, I cannot say, whe-
 ther the Alterations or Additions were made by
 him, or by the Author of this Collection; tho’
 I rather believe the latter, from the Liberty he
 professes to have taken with the former Paper.

Enjoyments, than such as are only guided by Instinct ; and therefore, whatever opens and enlarges the intellectual Scene, must certainly produce an Addition to our Happiness.

“ Nor will it, I imagine, be denied, that the Knowledge of the Author of Nature, which is only to be acquired by contemplating him, is such an Opening and Enlargement of our Minds ; and consequently that this Contemplation must not only be worthy and becoming in us, but be the pleasantest and fittest Method of employing our Faculties.

“ Besides, since in a manner we live upon Hope, and since our most virtuous Dispositions need such Support and Nourish-

Nourishment, where can we so reasonably look for Happiness, as from him from whom we can hope for all Things: because he has all good Things in his Power, and has shewn, through the whole Œconomy of Nature, how ready and liberal he is to distribute them? And as it is natural for Men to imitate those they love, and to love those from whom they derive their Happiness, we may conclude that we shall then be enabled to act in the noblest and most virtuous Manner, when we are animated with the highest Degree of the Love of God, and make it the principal Motive of our Actions.

“ Thus far Men not only may, but actually have discovered, by the mere

ambition

G 4

Force

Force of their natural Reason and Reflection. But God has been still more bountiful to us. He has given us a positive Revelation of his Will, and acquainted us that he is both sensible of the Good we do, and takes Delight in it; such a Delight, that he intends to continue their Existence, and make them the Objects of his Favour, to Eternity, who persevere in so doing.

“ A Declaration that makes us happy, both here and hereafter, and is the best and surest Fortress to all human Virtues, because it enlarges the Circle, both of our Actions and Enjoyments, sets us above Misfortune, gives us a just and rational Contempt of the World, and strengthens our Minds against all those
Accidents

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Accidents in Life, which might possibly render the Paths of Goodness wearisome, or painful to us.

“ These Reflections are so suitable to the solemn Season upon which we are now entering, that it would be almost inexcusable to make any Apology for them here : since I am confident there can be nothing more acceptable to my Readers, than any Attempt, however weakly executed, to stir up their Love and Gratitude to that Divine Person, who has made the Exercise of Goodness and Virtue their highest and truest Interest, by *bringing Life and Immortality to Light.*”

Don't you think that I might make a good engrossing Clerk enough, from these

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two Examples of my copying? Look out for some Office of that Kind, for me, in *London*—I hate Idleness, and am fond of any Business, that will suffer me to sit still. One is ashamed to indulge an Inclination that hurts them, therefore to have a Pretence for it, how pleasant!

Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

Dublin.

WE have done our Business here, and are to set sail, the next Tide. We go by the Pacquet, for the Pleasure of the Journey through *Wales*, which is a Country we neither of us have ever seen. We long to visit a Kingdom, the only one in the World, that has never been conquered, but preserves still *a Prince of its own.*

This was a rare Device in Polity, to save the Credit of *bur* Nation. 'Tis something like the Law Quibble, of *levying*

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a Fine, and suffering a Recovery, by which a *Tenant in Tail*, becomes *Tenant in Fee*; only with the Difference that this gives a *real*, the other but a *nominal*, Possession.

I may venture to say such Things, safely, on this Side the Water; but must preserve a stricter Guard over my Speech, when I get on the other Side; lest your *Ap Gruffyths*, *Ap Shenkins*, *Ap Skones's*, or others of the *hot-leek* Gentry, should teach *bur petter Manners*, over the Pate.

Now, while we are waiting for the Boatswain's Whistle, and by Way of taking Leave of *Hibernicus*, I shall send you a little Poem out of him, that I think will please you. 'Tis written upon *Solon's Division of Man's Life into septennial*
Por-

ORIGINAL LETTERS. 133

Portions, appropriating our different Passions and Pursuits to each Stage.

The seven first Years of Life, Man's break
of Day,

Gleams of short Sense a Dawn of Thought
display.

When fourteen Springs have bloomed his
downy Cheek,

His soft and blushing Meanings learn to speak.
From twenty-one proud Manhood takes its
Date ;

Yet is not perfect Strength till twenty-eight.
Thence to his thirty-fifth, Life's genial Fire,
Sparkles, burns loud, and flames with fierce
Desire.

At forty-two, his Eyes grave Wisdom wear,
And the dark Future dims them o'er with Care.
On to the nine and fortieth Toils increase,
And busy Hopes and Fears disturb his Peace.

At fifty-six, cool Reason reigns intire,
And Life burns steady, with a temperate Fire.
But sixty-three unbinds the Body's Strength,
Ere the unwearied Mind has run her Length ;

And

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And when from seventy Age surveys her Last,
Tired she stops short, *and wishes all were past.*

To recollect the Past, I should rather say, if I were to take any Liberty with another Person's Lines. This Alteration presents a Thought, a Moral; and such a Reflection, at that Stage of Life, though never to be deferred so late, is both natural and proper: But the *wishing all were past*, gives an Hint of Impatience, only, and makes the Poem end coldly; as cold as the very Age itself he is there describing.

Thus are the *threescore Years and ten*, of the Psalmist, very fairly accounted for; but then this relates only to the Men of *David's*, and of *Solon's* Days. I fear that
in

in these Times, we must make Use of a *quintennial* Divisor, only. Con it over again, by the Rule of that Measure.

And since our Vice and Luxury have curtailed our Lives, by a Score of Years, we have by Play and Extravagance, contrived an Œconomy to shorten our Means also, in order *to make both Ends meet*, exactly. For so little Regard is there shewn to Posterity, now a-days, that most Persons whose Fortunes are not *tied up*, but *deserve to be so*, themselves, are obliged to purchase poor Annuities with their last Stake; and those who are *hand-cuffed* and *bound over*, sell them, so as to reduce themselves to the same wretched Condition and Indigence with their fellow Madmen and Fools.

The

136 ORIGINAL LETTERS.

The Subjects of this Letter make me recollect an excellent Motto I met with on a *Sun-Dial*, in the County of *Corke*, lately.

*Tenere non potes,
Potes non perdere.*

Adieu.

LETTER XXIV.

Derby.

WE have had a pleasant Passage of it over; the whole Tour was as much so, as any Thing, that refers only to myself, can be. We crossed the Country hither, and I have promised my Friend to stay with him a Week, or
ten

ten Days, before I take myself to Home and Solitude again.

I find myself in admirable Spirits, at present ; indeed I have enjoyed them, from the first Moment I set out. I recollect now that I wrote you a Letter formerly on the Subject of Exercise,* and every Day's Experience convinces me that 'tis by much the best Article, among the whole *Materia medica*.

I have got a Book in reading, since I came here, by Way of relieving *Virgil*, *Horace*, and my dear *Tibullus*, that entertains me much——'Tis *Lucretius*. I never went regularly through him before,

* Letter xv.

but

but generally admired all the Passages I had ever seen quoted from it; and meeting with it here, I have taken it more critically under Consideration.

He is certainly a great Poet, and a fine Writer; but a most stupid Philosopher, in his Principles; though I acknowledge that he argues admirably, upon assumed Premises. I should be tempted to quote some Passages from him, but that I don't know which to fix on, among such a Number, and such Variety.

I am surpris'd he ever troubled himself to give us any Gods, at all, since he won't allow them to be of the least Manner of Use to us. He neither admits them to be our Creators, or our Preservers, but
a Set

a Sort of *innocent Devils*, only, doing us nor Good nor Harm. Nor does he even account for their own Generation, either. He leaves them, just where he found them, fast asleep in the Empyrean.

But indeed his whole Nonsense was thoroughly exhausted, in the Production of Man; whom he describes tumbling out into the World, like a ripe Bean, from a bursted Pod; and nourished by Milk, flowing through the Pores of the Earth, during the first Ages of the subsiding Atoms; but afterwards, in Length of Time, growing dry, like an old Nurse, she left us trusting to our own Contrivances, reducing Mankind to the miserable Necessity of begetting one another,
after

after the mechanical Method now in vulgar Use.

But there is nothing in all his Work, I so much detest, as the Meanness of his Mind, in expressing himself with so much Rapture, on a Persuasion of the Soul's Mortality. See the first Lines of the third Book. For though one might possibly think so, *by not thinking at all*, yet surely the Belief of such a Proposition, must naturally render us dispirited, to the lowest Degree, and damp every Moral, every Virtue, every Ambition, every noble, generous, and disinterested Pursuit in Life.

For my own Part, were I but once convinced of so melancholic a Truth, I
would

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would never endure another Tooth-ach—
For there are many Ways of dying,
shorter and less painful. But my Notion
upon this Subject, is one of the pleasantest
Thoughts in Nature, which, taking the
Liberty of quoting an *Anti-Lucretius* of
my own, that you may perhaps one day
see, I shall give you, in the following
Distich.

*Man the chief Object of Heaven's wond'rous
Plan;
The Universe a Stage, sole Actor Man.*

I am of Opinion with *Plutarch*; who
says, *that the Belief of a Divine Provi-
dence, and the Soul's Immortality, must
stand or fall together.**

* See the Quotation from *Burnet*, in the last
Paper of *Hibernicus*.

I can-

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I cannot account for *Cicero*, who wrote so well himself *de Natura Deorum*, having taken the Pains of publishing a correct Edition of this Work. It could not have been for his Theology, or Philosophy, either; he must have seen the Nonsense of them both, and I should not imagine he had any Taste for his Poetry, if one might judge from the Specimen he has left us of his own.

However I forgive *Lucretius*, in some Sort, for having supplied us with a Passage so express against the Doctrine of Transubstantiation; where speaking of *Heraclitus*, who affirmed Fire to be the only Principle of all Things, he says,

Perdelirum

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— — *Perdelirum esse videtur :*
Nam contra Sensus ab Sensibus ipse repugnat ;
Et labefaciat eos unde omnia Credita pendent.

Adieu.

LETTER XXV.

I am in a most unhappy and difficult Situation—What can I *possibly*, or rather *probably*, do ? I might, indeed, go to the House, without Suspicion ; but then my Emotions would certainly betray

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tray me. It could not be in the Philosophy of Nature, to avoid shewing more Interest, in her Health and Life, than simple Friendship, or mere neighbourly Affection might admit of.

I have wrote a Number of Cards of Compliment and Condolence, to the Party, this Morning, but threw them into the Fire, one after another. They were then only fit Emblems of my Feelings. I have, at length, dispatched my Servant, with a Message only. I dare venture to send but once a Day !

No Man, surely, was ever in such Circumstances before ! Never were Passion and Principle so truly ballanced. I feel as a Husband, without Possession
or

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or Enjoyment ; and as a Lover, without Hope, or even Desire. Her Happiness is my sole Object, and were that but her possible Lot, in her present Circumstances, I could—No, I could not live—but, by Heaven, I should die, contented.

I shall not press you to come to me
—It were an Affront to your Friendship
to bid you fly to the Consolation of
yours ever.

Adieu.

H LETTER

L E T T E R XXVI.

HER Disorder is pronounced to be the Small-Pox. Heaven spare her Life, though it should take her Beauty ! An happy Compromise this, for me ! I could then appear her Friend, before others, without Scandal, and prove the Sincerity of my Affections to herself, without Equivocation.

But why do I pray ? Am I sure that either my Mind or my Wishes are in such a State of Resignation and Purity, as to merit Concessions from Heaven ! How impious to propose Terms to Providence !

vidence ! Hope and Submission are our sole Resources ; Happiness or Misery the Distributions of a Being accountable to itself alone. Misfortunes are great Moralizers, you may see.

I write only to relieve the Fullness of my Heart ; for I am certain that your Appearance will prevent my sending this Letter to the Post, before the Hour.

Adieu.

L E T T E R XXVII.

I Find myself at a Loss to describe the Way I felt, on your leaving me—and yet I could not press you to stay longer. Your Visit had fully answered the Kindness of the Intention. The Spirit of it was spent.

Have you not sometimes had the Bed-cloaths pulled off you, in a Morning, when you still wished *a little more folding of the Arms to Sleep*: and yet you could not think of dragging them on again, when it was Time to rise. This was something like my Situation, on your Departure.

When

When Physicians quit a Patient, the Sign may be doubtful, whether the Cure is perfect, or hopeless; but when a Friend retires, one may be certain that he leaves all safe and sound behind him. I find Ways, you see, to reconcile myself to every Circumstance in Life, even your Departure.

I have paid my happy Visit of Congratulation, and have once more beheld the dear Object of my anxious Care, my ardent Prayer. She is not altered.

————— *Enitefcit*

*Pulchrrior multo. **

The Occasion forced this Expression from me—I meant no Allusion, surely; and yet

* *Horace, L. ii. Od. viii.*

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I hate myself, even for quoting the Passage, on so chaste a Subject as this.

I cannot give you a higher Description of my present State of Mind, than to say that I feel myself happy, even without you.

Farewel.

L E T T E R . XXVIII.

I Received your kind Letter, and well-meant Exhortation. I acknowledge that every thing you have said on the Subject, is perfectly right, in itself, but indeed I do not see how they apply to my Case, at all.

Our

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Our Affections are not in our Power, 'tis our Actions only that we are accountable for; and I can safely justify my own, throughout the whole of this nice Affair. The Enemy's own Conduct sufficiently answers to save my Morals, in this particular. If the Contrast of my Manners may have produced any kind of Effect, in my Favour, is the Fault his, or mine?

My whole Scheme of Happiness is planned in Reversion; and I hope there is no Crime to enjoy a Prospect, when one does nothing to forward the Possession. In fine, to desire no Success, but what may arise from *Succession*, I hope you'll think to be sufficient to obviate the Hints of your friendly Remonstrance.

Yours ever.

H 4

LETTER

L E T T E R XXIX.

THE Party rides out, every Day, now,
to take the Air. I met her, by
Chance, yesterday Morning, and would
have joined her, but she forbad it. I
importuned, till she kindly softened the
Interdict, by saying, that she denied me,
because it gave her Pain to do so.

Fled from her Wish, &c.

If there be not an higher Heaven, for
such Women, than for all the Men in
the World, they surely are most une-
qually dealt with. Not but that I think
I have some Pretence to be whisked off
in

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in the Train, at least, of such rare Comets, myself, from the pure State of Celibacy I live in, at present. For, like a Romish Priest, my *Vow* forbids my marrying, and Love has so refined my Sentiments, that, as *Montaigne* says admirably, and with a delicate Wit, *Venus without Cupid is too gross for me.* To which I may also add the Expression of Sir *William Davenant*, that *Love is Health, but Lust a Fever.*

I know no Person in the World so much to be pitied, as myself, except, perhaps, the dear Partner in my Affliction. But the conscious Virtue of preserving her Duty, under the severe Provocations of Age, Infirmary, and Perverse-

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ness, may afford her an heroic Consolation, which I have not the Relief of.

I am unhappy, therefore, without Abatement, and I do pity myself most sincerely. 'Tis an Instance of Humanity, they say, to sympathize with another's Distress, and why not feel for our own? That *Charity begins at Home*, has never yet been rightly construed. 'Tis an ungenerous Maxim, as commonly introduced—The Meaning must be, that by feeling for ourselves, we should be taught the more readily to compassionate others.

Non ignara mali.

Adieu.

LETTER

L E T T E R XXX.

I Have received your Remarks upon my last Letter, which I acknowledge to be very just; though they give me the Mortification of finding that another Person is still more to be pitied than myself; and I should wish ever to be superior in Misery, upon the present Comparison.

What you have said, upon this Subject, has occasioned some Reflections to arise in my Mind, on the Difference between a Man's Love, and that of a Woman; which I shall give you here, just as they occur to me, on the Instant.

H 6

Her's

Her's is a Mixture of Fondness, a deference to Authority, and a Confidence of Protection. His is more liberal, generous, and disinterested—'Tis composed of Tendernefs, Condescension, and Politeness. They stand, in Regard to one another, in the Relation of Patron and Client. She is sensible of somewhat like the Respect which a Child is impressed with toward a Parent. He feels something of that Endearment, which Parents are affected with for a Child.

But what makes her Passion the stronger, is, that, in Love, the Man is the *sole Object*; the Woman only the *principal one*. For the Subject would not be worth treating of, without considering it as a first Attachment of the Heart, and though
it

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it may be his *first Passion*, 'tis more than probable that it is not his *first Amour*. A vast Difference this, both in their Sentiments and Feelings, upon such a Crisis.

I have expressed myself too extemporally, on this Topic, and have not sufficiently digested my Idea of it. I meant more than I have written, so that you are to accept these unconnected Sentences as Notes only, for a fuller Essay on this charming Thesis. But I am writing to you, and this always saves me the Trouble of explaining an Hint.

Adieu.

LETTER

L E T T E R XXXI.

YOUR Prophecy, about Lady ——, has been fully verified, lately. I own I was not so quick sighted, and should have been surprized at the Event, if your Prediction had not rendered it probable, at least.

She bestowed her Hand, and *Handful*, last Week, on Mr. ——, who received them without the least Encumbrance, as both his Hands, you know, have been quite empty, for some Years past. So that her Ladyship has relieved two Objects

jects of Compassion, at once; both herself and him.

Her Friends and Relations express great Repentment, upon the Occasion. This is a Thing of Course---'Tis the Way of Life---Nature made us free, but the World renders us Slaves. And we are prohibited the *Dulce*, often, out of Respect to the *Decorum*.

But she defends herself admirably, on the Subject, as Mr. *Strode* tells me, who was to visit her, this Morning. “ Those
 “ who censure my Prudence, in this Act,
 “ said she, seem to take nothing but the
 “ Thing itself into Consideration. But
 “ I could not help it. I could not do it
 “ cheaper; and to satisfy a Curiosity,
 “ and

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“and take off a certain Reproach, for
“Life, I thought were well worth half
“my Fortune.”

Plato thou reasonest well—Though there
was nothing very *Platonic*, I fancy, in
this Matter. As much, however, I dare
say, as there generally is, wherever it
is pretended. So ends my Tale, and its
Moral too.

Adieu.

LETTER

L E T T E R XXXII

I Have received three Letters from you, within these ten Days, for all which I acknowledge myself your much obliged Debtor. I sat down to answer the first, but before I could get my Matter and my Materials together, the Post-boy brought me your second---ditto per ditto a third.

Your Situation, exclusive of your Superiority in Talents, has great Advantages over mine, with Regard to our Correspondence. You are awake in the World, I but dream out of it. Incidents
and

and Anecdotes every Day occur, to supply your Pen with entertaining Subjects to communicate ; while I, being so totally detached from all Society, can only speak of Mankind in the Abstract ; which has more in it of Philosophy, than of Conversation ; in which latter, only the true Spirit of the Epistolary consists.

In order to place myself on a Level with you, in this Article, I often attempt to descend to Particulars ; but having no Topics of this Kind to treat of, except Books, or myself, my Letters must naturally run into Pedantry, or Egotism ; which equally displeasing me, I am obliged, therefore, to recur to general Subjects, again.

I honestly

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I honestly confess that this Difficulty has, in some Sort, begun to taint my Morals, of late. I actually long for a Fool or a Knave, in my Neighbourhood; and much fear that this Consideration may have given me so much of the *Feelings*, or their Reverse, rather, of a News-writer, or an Undertaker, that it might, perhaps, be some little Relief to my Humanity, should I happen to hear of a Death, a Robbery, or an Elopement, just as I was sitting down to communicate my Intelligence to you.

I have always thought that familiar Letters, truly genuine, are the pleasanter reading, imaginable; as they partake of the Ease, Freedom, and Sociableness of Conver-

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Conversation, which forms the highest Relishes of Life.

Such Letters as your's, present us with the native Flavour of the Mind; resembling the *Vin de Goute*, or first Running of Wine, which flows spontaneously from the Ripeness of the unpressed Grape. Like Oracles, *inconsulti abeunt*. While the more elaborate Works of Erudition and Study, may be compared to the Produce of the squeezed Vat, where the bruised Seeds and Rind give an Harshness to the Juice. One is Love, the other Matrimony. He was a Knave who said that *second Thoughts are best*. The First are those of *Nature*, the Second those of *Art*.

I return.

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I return you a Volume of Thanks,
for the many and various entertaining
Subjects of your Letters, and remain
yours, *solus, sed non cum sola* !

Adieu.

LETTER XXXIII.

September 16.

THE Uncertainty of the Weather has
interrupted my present prudent Re-
gimen of Exercise, for some Time past.
This Month resembles *April*. There's a
Reason for it ; as being Mid-way between
two opposite Seasons. It wears *two Faces*
under a Hood, one of Grief, and the other
of Joy. Alternate Showers and Sunshine.
Spring and Autumn may be considered

as

as the Campaigns between Summer and Winter, where each conquers in its Turn; and the Months of *April* and *September* are the neutral Fields, in which those hostile Powers contend for Empire.

Has this Variety of the Seasons been accommodated to the Mutability of Man's Nature? Or does our Inconstancy inversely proceed from the Influence of Climates? I hold the former Position. For my Philosophy has ever prompted me to think that all the Dispensations of Providence, here below, have been contrived for the sole Benefit of Man,* let the *vain Goose* say what it will.†

* See Letter xxii. last Paragraph but one.

† While Man exclaims, "See all Things for my Use!"

"See Man for mine," replies a pamper'd Goose.
Pope's *Ethicks*.

Our

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Our Friend *Strode* has been with me, these three Days. There is an even Chearfulness in his Manners, that is extremely engaging. This Quality makes more Friends, than either Wit, or Learning. 'Tis the more sociable Character; it stirs up no Jealousies. This is the Companion to pass through Life with.

Always secure to please, tho' not surprize.

Cicero describes this sort of Character—
Accedat huc Suavitas quædam oportet Sermonum, atque Morum, haudquaquam mediocre condimentum Amicitia.

I wish he lived nearer to me—I see him now but once or twice a Year, at most, because he cannot conveniently come, till he can spare a Week together : but if he was my Neighbour, he might
afford

afford me a Day frequently, which I should like better.

He gave me the Pleasure to hear that old *Talbot* is dead, at last—to the great Joy of that noble Family. Many Persons have been *perverse*, but he was *Perverseness* itself. He was the very *Substantive*; others but the *Adjectives* derived from him—*Talbotish* was the Synonima for it.

Mr. *Strode* assures me that his Aversion and Cruelty to his Son, rose gradually, since his mixing with the World, in proportion as he found him loved and esteemed by all who knew him. He thought, perhaps, the Contrast more strongly marked, by the Nearness of the
Object,

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Object, than it might have been, were the Vice and Virtue set at a greater Distance asunder. Unhappy Man ! I hope no longer so.

Farewel,

LETTER XXXIV.

THE Weather has been more certain, since my last, for it is now constantly bad. This takes part with my native and former Indolence, against my better Reason ; and I confess that I rejoice frequently, at a Pretext for living whole Days at home, in my little Library. Charming Situation ! The only Succedaneum to Love and Friendship—*pene omni Negotio pulchrior.*

I

My

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My Study, this Morning, has been the great Epic Triumvirate, *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Milton*; comparing the several parallel Passages together, which have been generally collated by the Critics, who are divided in their Opinions about them.

I endeavoured to consider nothing but the Images, or Descriptions themselves, abstracted from the Languages; in which latter *Homer* has confessedly the Advantage; but I found this impossible. Ideas always come cloathed in Words to the Mind, and it was too difficult for me to separate them; so that I have not yet been able to come to any Precision with myself in this Matter.

But pray attend particularly to one Passage only, in *Milton*, Book VI. beginning

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ginning at Line 202, and ending at 319. Observe the inimitable Beauties of the Battle of the Angels there. I need not point them out to you. Consider the *Climax* of the Duel between *Satan* and *Michael*, &c. &c. and then not only challenge all the Epic Poems that ever were written, but defy also the Power of Language, or the Sublimity of Idea, to exceed, to equal, to come second even, *sine longo Intervallo*, to it. "Next to th'Almighty Arm," according to his own Expression.

*Unde nil majus generatur ipso;
Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum.*

He must be a very Stoical Critic, indeed, who can determine the poetical Merit, between *Homer* and *Virgil*. For

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my Part, I admire the former, as being more original, but I love the latter, as being most humane.

'Tis a Pity that *Lucan* confined himself to the Truth of his Story, which has too much restrained his Talents, as a Poet, whose Province is Fiction. The best History, turned into Verse, could never make an Epic Poem. *Lucan* had certainly great Powers ; his Metal was as rich, but not as well tempered, as *Virgil's*. One writes like a young Man, the other like an old one. Dr. *Garth* seems to distinguish them in the same Way, by this Line :

With *Virgil's* Judgment, and with *Lucan's*
Fire.

Sir

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Sir *William Davenant*, in the Preface to his *Gondibert*, says that “*Homer* is the great *Sea-mark*, by which Sailors *steer*, or rather *coast*, securely ; but that those who have Spirit or Ambition enough for trying farther Voyages, or making new Discoveries, should disregard it.”

His Character of *Virgil*, too, is admirable, and extremely full of Wit. Indeed, the whole Preface deserves the same Compliment. The World has certainly had a very considerable Loss, that he did not live to finish his very charming Poem ; whether Epic, or no, not at all material, though he endeavours to bring it within that Pale ; and I have no manner of Objection to it, myself ; but the Critics

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think it has too much Beauty in it, for the Dignity or Sublimity of the *Epopée*. One may say the same too of a Simile in *Virgil*.

*Sicut Aquæ tremulum Labris ubi Lumen ahænis
Sole repercussum, aut radiantis Imagine Lunæ,
Omnia pervolitat latè Loca : Jamque sub Auras
Erigitur, summique ferit Laquearia tecti.*

Æn. viii. L. 22—25.

Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER XXXV.

THE Weather continues unactionable still, so that I remain at Rest, at Home, as before. I begin to feel the ill Effects of this, already. I have very little Appetite left, and suffer much, both in Body and Mind, from an alarming Giddiness that has hung over me, these ten Days past. This Ailment has frequently affected me, of late Years, whenever I neglect using Exercise, for any Time. But had not *Swift* the same Complaint? Should not this console me?

“Just so immortal *Maro* hung his Head.”

In such a State of Pericranium, I dare not venture to read any thing that requires much Study or Reflection, and therefore took up *Sbenstone*, yesterday, with a Design of going regularly through him, which is what I should not have bestowed Leisure upon, at present, if my Head had not been a little out of Repair. I therefore treated it with a little *Air*, but without *Exercise*.

This Author pleases and perplexes me, at the same Time. He seems to possess the very Soul of *Catullus*, with the Obscurity of *Persius*, often: But as his Works were not published till after his Death, 'tis but fair to allow him the Honour of all his Merits, which were many, and charge the Faults upon his Editor only; who

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who seems to have regarded his own Profit, *as a Bookseller*, more than the Fame of his Friend, *as a Writer*, in this Publication.

But the Softness, Tenderneſs, and Humanity of his natural Diſpoſition, charm me infinitely more, than all the Beauties of his Poetry ; for as I ever preferred the Heart, to the Head, I, therefore, as I ſaid, in my laſt, of *Virgil*, more love, than admire him.

For ſure he was the gentleſt Breaff,
That ever ſung ſo well.

As he ſays himſelf, of his Friend and Favourite, *Thompson*. Beſides there is one Particular in his Life, his unſucceſſful Paſſion, which gives me, perhaps, a ſonder Sympathy with him, than all the reſt.

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I am the forrier, therefore, for one attempt he has made of *shooting in Ulysses's Bow*, according to the Proverb, as I think he has failed in his Imitation of the Original. Compare his eighteenth Song,

Yes these are the Scenes, &c.
with *Boileau's Ode*,

Voici les Lieux charmants, &c.
where, by endeavouring to make more of the Thought, the chaste Simplicity of the French is destroyed.

'Tis only those who are capable of doing much, that are able to do but a little, "without o'erflowing, full." Those who can only do a little, always strive to
make

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make the most of it, *o'erflowing, though not full*. I wish he had attempted a pure Translation of it, merely; for in that I think he would have succeeded, and the World would have been obliged to him. I tried it, this Morning, myself, but in vain. The irregular Measure of the Verse gave me the most Trouble.

Mr. *Shenstone* has also ventured to *measure a Lance*, with another Writer too; but there happens to be as much Odds between them, as betwixt Sword and Dagger. Compare his *Judgment of Hercules*, with the *Choice of Hercules*, by an anonymous Author, in *Dodsley's Collection*.

I do not deny that Mr. Shenstone has very great Merit, in his Poem; but think it was indiscreet in him to enter the Lists, on such unequal Terms. *Pope*, in my Opinion, had better have let his Ode to *St. Cecilia*, alone, after *Dryden's*; for the same Reason. Even Success does not justify itself, in such Instances; because the very Attempt is invidious.

Bishop Atterbury remarks that even *Horace* failed, when he coped with *Virgil*, by imitating him; and gives the two following Instances of it.

VIRGIL. Aeneid. vi.
Tu regere Imperio Populos, Romane, memento—

Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.

of I of I Æn. vi. 851.

HORACE.

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HORACE.

*Imperet bellante prior, jacentem,
Lenis in Hostem.*

Carm. Secul. 51.

VIRGIL.

*Ipse suas Artes, sua munera lætus Apollo,
Augurium, Citharamque dabat, celeresque Sagittas.
Æn. xii. 393.*

HORACE.

*Phœbus, acceptusque novem Camænis,
Qui salutari levat Arte fessos
Corporis Artus.*

Carm. Secul. 62.

I see no Faults, in the Lines of *Horace*, considered in themselves; but must confess that they appear to a Disadvantage, on the Comparison. They seem to resemble the *Halo* of the Rainbow, which reflects the same Colours, indeed, but fainter.

I must

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I must not take leave of Mr. *Shenstone*, till I have done him Honour due, for a truly sublime Expression of his, that I am sure *Longinus* would have quoted, had he heard it. Speaking of the Deity, he adds, “whose Words are Works, and all whose Works are Wonders.”

One of his most wonderful Works, the God of Poets, and the Soul of Nature, is just coming abroad, and I shall step forth to meet him.

Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVI.

WHAT a delightful Scene am I placed in! *Eden* was the Prototype of it. The Learned have been long in dispute, about the Topography of that Garden, but it has happily been reserved for me, to cry out, *eureka*, the First.

Nothing surprizes me, so much, as that People should still persist to live in Towns, or Cities, at such a Rate as they do. In the first State of Things, I allow, that Circumvallations might have been necessary; to guard against the Fury of wild Beasts; but since the Wolves have

have been destroyed in *England*, why immure ourselves still? But 'tis one of the many Things in Life, where the *Rule* is preserved, though the *Reason* of it has ceased; and Men continue still to *pen* themselves up, though the Sheep are no longer *pinfolded*.

I have Mr. *Hornby's* House now full in View from my Window, which appears to have been built rather by a *Projector*, than an *Architect*, as it seems to be *a Castle in the Air*; and rises so high among the Clouds, that it might have been from thence *Prometheus* stole Fire from *Heaven*, one Night, when *Epicurus's* Gods were all snoring.

The

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The only Thing I have to find Fault with, in this Country, is the Number of Windmills, with which it abounds. They are pretty Objects enough, in Prospective, but they naturally raise two very disagreeable Ideas, in my Mind; of a Land without Water, and consequently without Fish, which you know I always prefer to Flesh.

But there was one View I met with, on my Journey, which charmed me more than all the Rest. 'Tis a large Plantation, near *Daventry*, that was made by a Gentleman of that Country, in the Year 1740, the Autumn after the hard Frost; in Order to afford Bread to a Number of Poor, thereabouts, in that sad Season of Dearth and Poverty. This
was

was, indeed, an Improvement, both of a physical, and a moral Nature; and the very Idea of the Purpose, hallowed the Groves, in my Mind, and inspired every Oak, with an *Hamadryad*.

The generous Heart *possesses* no Goods, but what it *gives*; nor can *receive* a Pleasure, but by *communicating* one. A Thought of this Kind has always given me an additional Satisfaction, in all the *Beauties* of Nature; by considering them as her *Bounties*, also. Gratitude mixes with Admiration, and rises to the supreme Delight.

Now we are on the Subject of *natural Beauties*, I shall mention, by Way of Climax, the Daughter of this House.
She

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She is really a very fine *Girl*, which is *rara Avis*, in the present World. The Race of *Boys* and *Girls* is become nearly extinct; while *Masters* and *Misses* have usurped their Places.

She has a perfect *naïveté*, both in her Manners, and Appearance. Whenever she speaks to you, she seems to be but *thinking aloud*; her Eyes glisten, and a rosy Suffusion blushes o'er her Features.

Her eloquent Blood spoke in her modest Cheek, &c.

She ducks, instead of curtsying, and looks altogether like a Cherub, that had never learned to Dance.

Adieu, and love me, mightily; for I want Comfort, much—I am disappointed
and.

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and unhappy elsewhere, and can never expect such Angels as these will take Compassion on yours affectionately,

*Cujus octavum trepidavit Ætas
Claudere lustrum.*

Adieu.

LETTER XXXVII.

I Have sent you the Papers you desired, by the *Norwich* Coach. I mean only the Copies I had made out for you; as these are all you need, at present, to have Opinions upon. When the Cause comes to Trial, the Originals may be laid before the Court—*by some of my Posterity*—
for

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for the Age of Man has long since ceased to be *patriarchal*.

Williams told me a Story, lately, which he affirms he was an Eye Witness of. His Friend *Norton* had a Suit, formerly, for about three Acres of Ground; which was claimed by a Person whose Land happened to lie contiguous to his. The Litigation held on, for I don't know how many Years, and was at length determined in his Favour.

The Day after the Decree, he took a Whim into his Head; loaded a Cart with all the Ejectments, Bills, Answers, Subpoenas, Interrogatories, Replications, Rejoinders, Pleas, Demurrers, Briefs, Affidavits, &c. then carried a Parcel of his
Friends

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Friends out with him, to the *well fought Field*, and compleatly covered every Inch of the Ground in Dispute, with the Papers —Not by *Dido's* Attorney-trick, of cutting them into Shreds, to surround it, but by fairly spreading them out, like a Carpet. He then gathered them into an Heap together, and made a Bonfire of them. His Bill of Costs would have purchased the Ground, twice over.

I have a Suit, myself, now depending, which was commenced seventy-three Years ago ; above thirty before I was born ; in the Course of which, my Grandfather, Father, and self, have had three several Decrees, in our Favour. Yet it still continues in its full Vigour—nay stronger, I think, than at first, by the Coincidence
of

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of several adventitious Circumstances. For Law-suits, like Forest-trees, strike deeper Root, by standing. O for the *Frederic Code*,* to cut off all these plaguy *Tap-roots*—

- - - - *In Tartara tendit.*

- - *immota manet, multosque per Annos
Multa Virum volvens durando Sæcula vincit.*

I don't say these Things, to discourage you ; but only to make you provide yourself with an adequate Share of Pence and Patience, and to prevent your continuing so sanguine, as you appear to be, in your last Letter.

Farewel.

* The present King of *Prussia* has had all the Laws of his Nation comprized in one Volume; and made an Edict, that all Suits in his Courts, shall be determined within a Year.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVIII.

I Did not receive your Letter Time enough, to answer it by Return of the Post, which mortifies me. I had been in one of my usual Pains, or *old Griefs*, as Cardinal *Offat* * used to express himself, and was deprived of Rest. I had been ill used, over-night, and was taking *Gentleman's Satisfaction* for it, in the Morning.

But I missed my Revenge, and only over-watched myself, both to your Disappointment, and my own. I felt, all Night, like *a Pudding frying on the Coals*,

* A French Premier:

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Coals, as *Homer* describes *Ulysses*, in the same Circumstance. Sleep is a wanton Slut, that will freely go to bed with any young Fellow that asks her the Question, but is coy to the Embraces of old ones.

She, like a Wench, her ready Favour yields,
Where Youth beguiles ; the ancient she forsakes.

*Parody.**

I hope the Delay of my Acceptance to your Bill, has been no Inconvenience to you. I shall suffer for it myself, till I hear from you. Tell your Banker that I shall wave the *Days of Grace*, to make him Amends. I should not have suffer-

* Alluding to *Young's Lines*, on the same Subject,

" She, like the World, her ready Visit pays,

" Where Fortune smiles ; the wretched she forsakes."

K

ed

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ed the least Uneasiness, if my Wine-merchant's Draft had lain a Post or two unanswered.

What Sort of Refinement is it that gives one such very different Ideas, of a Debt and an Obligation? Is it Vanity, or Generosity? But lest you should impute it to the first, I think I had better drop the Argument.

Adieu, donc.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIX.

I Have continued very ill, ever since my last Letter. I thought that I had sustained every possible Pain, till I received an Account of yours ; but then I found, as the Persian Youth said of his Soul,* that I had two Bodies, upon hearing you complain. I have an Antipathy to such Sympathies.

Since we have both of us exhausted the Stores of Physic, in vain, let us seek our Resources of Health, for the Future, in the Charms of Friendship solely. *Jucunda Comes in Viâ pro Vehiculo est*, may, with

K 2

a Turn

* A Story in *Xenophon's Cyrus*.

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a Turn upon one Word, very fairly be construed, that an agreeable Friend is the best *Vehicle* for Medicine.

We would each of us do more for the other, than for ourselves ; let us exert our Spirit, then, for the Sake of one another. I have known Resolution succeed, in some Cases, where Prescription has failed. *Cæsar* is said to have conquered an Epilepsy, like other Enemies, by dint of Bravery. It must have required *thirty-three Wounds*, at least, to dispatch such an Heroe.

I knew a Man once, myself, who was given over, in a desperate Disease. When he was pronounced not to be able to hold out for half a Day, " Yes," said he,
" please

“ please God, I will live to see my Child.”
 He sent off a Messenger to her, at an hundred Miles Distance, “ How are you,
 “ my dear Father ?” “ *I should have*
 “ *died a Week ago, but waiting to take my*
 “ *Leave of you. God—*” but he expired
 in her Arms before he could finish the
 Blessing.

Do not trouble yourself to look through
 your Catalogue of Heroes ; for this
 Man's Name. He was but a common,
 say rather *uncommon*, Shoemaker. A
Crispin ultra Crepidam, surely, if you'll
 permit the Quibble, who went beyond *his*
Last. According to *Horace's* Rule, he
 must have been a good Artist too, in his
 Profession. *Vir bonus, Sutor bonus*, says he.

Adieu.

L E T T E R XL.

I Received your *Cordial*, as your kind Letter might well be deemed ; for it truly strengthened my Heart. During my Suspense about your Health, I felt what I suppose is meant by *one's Heart failing them*. This must be the Sensation of Cowardice, I suppose, though I do not remember to have ever experienced it, in that Way.

Not that I have not sometimes been stared in the Face, by personal Hazard ; but that my Mind, upon such Occasions, was then so busy in collecting all my Forces

ces

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ces together, both of Thought and Action, to resist the Danger, that I had not Leisure to attend to the Fear.

My Disorder has, for some Time, been a sort of shifting Quick-sand—when my Leg was swelled, my Stomach grew easy; and *vice versa*. I had a Mind, once, to have chopped off the Limb, when the Disease was in it; as *Fadlallah* twisted off the Head of the Nightingale, when he had fixed the Life of his Enemy there.*

But now, I fear, it is too late for such an Experiment, as both of them are ill together, of late—so that *the outward and*

* See the Story in the *Spectator*, N^o 578.

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visible Sign is no more to be depended on here, it seems, than it is in many other Cases.

Adieu, and believe me that *the inward and spiritual Grace* of my Friendship for you, will last as long as my Distemper; which I have Reason to apprehend now, will remain for Life.

Yours.

LETTER

LETTER XLI.

I Have been ill, this Fortnight past, with a Return of my former Disorder, or you should have heard from me, before. When I sent you the Venison I was not able to write, which I so seldom neglect, that no News may always be taken for bad News, from me; *dum tacent, clamant*. Indeed our Correspondence has, alas ! long since become my sole Pleasure in Life.

Sbenstone says, that " Whenever we
" are dull, or low spirited, either from
" the Atmosphere, or Distemper, the

K 5

" best

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“best Cordial is to read over all the
“Letters of our Friends.” This Regimen
I have practised, once or twice, with Suc-
cess, since I met with that Passage in him.

I am not much better, at present, but
am under the Necessity of troubling both
you and myself, to desire the Favour of
you to hire me a Servant, in the Place
of *George*, who has lately *acted a Lie*;
according to *Wollaston*,* *by using my Goods*
as if they were his own. In a Word, he
has absconded, during my Illness, with
above twenty Pounds worth of my Effects,
in Cloaths, Linen, and Plate.

Am I a Man to be used after such a
Manner? Servants are as much Fools,

• Religion of Nature.

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as Knaves, who deal with me thus. There is nothing within their Wants, and my Power, that they might not obtain from me, on honefter Terms. Complacency, Attention, and Fidelity would be a Sort of *moral Theft*, with me, that might endanger my laft Shilling.

'Tis a difficult Thing to know how to conduct onefelf, with Regard to this Clafs of Mankind. It is natural to applaud and encourage Merit, in the moft foreign Instance; ftill more fo when domeftic—No one, I think, could refrain from marking their Approbation, in fuch a Cafe, except the Man who ufed to beat his Wife, once a Day, *left the Jade fhould know how well he loved her*. And yet here lies the Danger. 'Tis ten to one

K 6

but

but you spoil a good Servant, by Praise and Indulgence; and so do a double Evil, at once.

Then what an uncomfortable Reflection it must be, that there is no safe Method of treating such Reptiles, but by considering them as Slaves, If ever you should relax your Discipline, or behave towards them in a more liberal Way, they immediately emancipate themselves, and become dishonest, insolent, or ungrateful.

I shall go to *London*, in a few Days, to consult a Physician—to no Purpose. Have a Bed aired, and chuse a Servant for me. Indeed I am not well, and need Attendance.

Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER XLII.

I Received your Letter, and am both provoked and alarmed, at the Influence of the publick Papers you inclosed me, against Government. I tremble for the Liberty of the Press. We are not content with spending the *Interest*, but are squandering away the *Principal*, too. 'Tis one of the great Bulwarks of our Freedom; but when a Buttress *leans*, one is as much in Danger of being crushed by it, as by the Wall it was designed to defend us from. *Vim dignam. Lege Regi.*

I happened to be looking through a File of old News-Papers, lately, in Quest
of

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of some particular Fact, and confess myself charmed with the polite Tenderneſs which the *Publishers* formerly endeavour'd to mark toward that unhappy Claſs of Men, whom the Law ſtiles *Bankrupts*. The Advertisements bore their Title thus. *B—K—TS*. The Names of the Perſons, indeed, were given at full Length, becauſe ſo the Act requires; but their Miſfortune, or Delinquency, was as much ſoftened as poſſible. Nay, in ſome Papers the *T* was left out, ſo that the reſt of the Letters might equivocate for *Bankers*, inſtead of *Bankrupts*. But now both Kings, Lords and Commons are publickly ſigmatiſed, without Reſerve, by their Names, and Titles, not only contrary to all Decency, but even in De-
fiance

fiance of the Laws against Defamations and Scandal—*Unpunished.*

When Liberty rises, I mean *degenerates*, into Licentiousness, it becomes the worst kind of Slavery; for where every one is without Controul, nobody can be free. In the most arbitrary States a Nation may subsist, because the Power is lodged in some Hands that is capable of doing good, and may have an Interest in preserving Order: but in Anarchy all Order is destroyed, Subordination ceases, and the Power is so minutely divided, that no Person can have a sufficient Interest in the public Welfare, to become a Patriot.

While

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While Rivers are restrained within their Banks, they refresh and enrich a Country; but when they overflow their Bounds, they impoverish the Soil, and wash away the *Land-marks*.

But with regard to the truly interesting Article of Liberty, I think one may too justly remark, that we seem rather to be *possessed with the Spirit*, than to *enjoy the Substance*, of it. Our superstitious Devotement to that Idol, in some very serious Instances, but serves to consecrate Tyranny, *according to Law*.

No Farmer, for Example, can be obliged to part with his Corn, his Beef, or Mutton, but at his own Time, and at his own Price, too. Hence Monopoly
and

and Extortion. Hence Dearth and Famine. If you kill a Man, indeed, you suffer—*though not always*—But if you starve thousands to Death, they only are the Victims.

Another Instance, also, which I am in Doubt whether I may pronounce to be a severer one, or no, as the Penalty must be voluntarily incurred, is, that the same Punishment is annexed to the stealing a Sheep, as to the killing a King. Our jealous Legislature, running into the Extreme from Barbarism, will not permit the most distant Idea of Slavery to obtain; while the Want of a just and equitable Distinction in Crimes, seems to adopt *the Laws of Draco*, which were said to have been *written in Blood*.

I need

I need not vindicate myself to you, by saying that I do not mean to speak against the great and natural Blessing of Liberty, from my Observations upon this Subject; but as the same Power who endowed us with Freedom, has restricted, it within the Bounds of Justice, I would ever have them march hand in hand, together. I would, therefore, abrogate every Liberty from Men, which may only enable them to become Tyrants. I would not have the People to possess more Freedom than the King, whose Prerogative impowers him to do good, only, but restrains the Capacity of doing evil.

I am weak in Health, and the perusing of these Papers has sunk my Spirits too
low

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low to suffer me to dwell longer on this Subject---

Adieu.

LETTER XLIII.

I AM equally glad and sorry, at the Contents---and should I not add the *Discontents*, also, of your Letter---Ought I not to become totally indifferent, then, in the Matter, by the Rule of Algebraic Equation? * No---Quantities of Pleasure and Pain, Grief and Joy, which may, perhaps, weigh equally, in the Scales of Philosophy, are found generally to differ greatly, in the Balance of the Mind.

- Where equal Quantities destroy each other.

---The

---The Evil usually preponderating the Good.

And why, I pray? Is it that Pleasure and Joy being light, are apt to kick the Beam? Or is it that being more natural, we are apt to be less sensible of their Impressions, than of their Contraries, which counteract our Feelings? Sickness is always more noticed, than Health. 'Tis for this latter Reason, perhaps, that more People avoid Pain, than pursue Pleasure.

Upon the whole, then, I think that I ought rather to be sorry, than glad; but I won't, because I believe it might determine you to be so, too. Therefore please to accept this sympathetic Lever, to discharge the Burden from your Mind, and
sing

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sing *O be joyful*, the Moment you lay down this Letter.

Amen, says, your Clerk---

Adieu.

L E T T E R XLIV.

'TIS so long since I have heard from you, that I do not know whether I am addressing this Letter to the Living, or the Dead; but as you know, or *did know*, my Way, in all doubtful Matters, is ever to hope the best, I shall continue to write to you, as if you still *understood English*. For I have been told, by a certain Friend of mine---you'll guess him ---who believes in *Hutchinson, Pike*, and
other

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other such Cabalists, that Angels comprehend no Language, but *Hebrew*.

Not that we are to suppose they articulate it, as Intuition must save them that Trouble; but as Philologers pronounce that all Ideas come to the Mind cloathed in Words, they may be said to *read one another's Thoughts*, in *Hebrew* or *Syriac*, for I will not be positive which; therefore Persons who do not understand a little of those Languages, before they set out, will be no more able to *keep the best Company*, among them, than they can among us, without a Smattering of *French and Italian*.

I have often thought, at Times when I have been serious, that it is a great Deficiency

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ficiency in the occult Science of *Hieroglyphics*, that Angels are not always portrayed with *Labels* hanging out of their Breasts, like the Phials in an Apothecary's Shop. They certainly have as good a Right to them, as to Wings, let Mythologists say what they will.

I trouble you with the inclosed Billet. It relates to our Election. I have no Concern in it, myself, but the World requires that we should take some Part in its Interests, while we remain in it. You'll deliver it in Person---The Secret will be kept, if you are alive; if not, then *dead Men tell no Tales*, they say---so that either Way we're safe.

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If I don't hear from you, by Return of the Post, I shall surely put on Mourning---if you should not happen to be before-hand with me; which is the most likely.

Adieu.

L E T T E R XLV.

I have not looked into your French Books, yet.---I must be very much at Leisure, even to Idleness, before I shall open them. I despise the Language so much,

much, that I have no Pleasure in reading it. 'Tis too much like the People themselves, It has too great a Compliancy with Circumstances and Occasions. As they want the honest Sturdiness of the English, so this is deficient in the critical Inflexibility of the classic Tongues.

I am too lazy to write Essays, but 'tis sufficient, for a Letter, to observe upon one or two of the *Monsieur Cringes* I allude to. The Word *Esprit*, is, you know, of the Masculine Gender, and *altesse* of the Feminine; yet, as they both happen to begin with a Vowel, the Adjectives are obliged, *euphoniæ gratiâ*, to cross over and figure in, with a *Bel-esprit*; and a *Son-altesse*, to the utter Confusion of all Grammar and Precision.

L

The

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The Contradiction in Terms, too, of the Expression *bien mal*, &c. &c. may be justly noted among the Imperfections of their *prate*. The Use of Speech is to communicate our Ideas; this Gabble serves to confound them.

The Licence of the Greek Figure of Rhetoric, above hinted at, never exceeded into such a Licentiousness as this. It neither perplexed Genders, changed Nouns into Adverbs of contrary Significations, nor sacrificed Sense to Sound. It but occasionally lengthened or shortened a Syllable, to accommodate the Metre, or threw in a single Letter of the Alphabet, here and there, in Words of Composition, to obviate an *Hiatus*, or so.

I looked

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I looked into the Dedication, by Way of judging of the Writer's Stile. 'Tis the most extravagant Thing I ever read. The Materials are rich, indeed, but the Workmanship very coarse. The Flattery too *outré*. However, I hope the poor Fellow was handsomely paid for it. When a needy Author, as they all are, so generously supplies *the Wants* of his Patron, I think that *one good Turn*, &c. If, indeed, it possibly might ever happen that the *great Man* should really be possessed of the imputed Merits, 'tis only *a Debt paid*, and requires no Acknowledgment; but if not, as is more generally the Case, 'tis then *a Present made*, and ought to be as liberally returned.

Adieu.

L E T T E R XLVI.

WE have got another Vagabond Apostle, or Mountebank Preacher, among us, since you were here. I have not had Curiosity enough to go hear, or *see* him, yet---Besides his *Exhibitions* are so crouded, that it would not be safe to venture; and it is not under such a Guide as this, that I should chuse to work out my Salvation, *with Fear and Trembling*.

And now I have mentioned that Text, I confess that I don't much like it, as 'tis generally construed. What a sneaking

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ing Notion some Devouts give us of Religion! Virtue is active, Virtue is brave, and requires Courage and Resolution, rather. But Parsons are all on the Side of *passive Obedience*, and rarely preach up any Doctrine that might enable Men to resist the Despotism either of Priests or Princes.

Now my Notion of the Matter, is, that the Temper of Mind which inclines to so much Meekness, is not *the Spirit*, but *the Ghost*, of Religion; and that we may be said rather to be *haunted*, than *inspired*, while we remain under such Influence.

I have received the Articles I troubled you about, safe; but shall not thank

L 3

you,

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you, because that would be giving you a further Trouble, and a needless one. *Hoc ipsum Amantis est, non onerare cum Laudibus.* How pleasant it is to receive all one's Services from a Person to whom we feel it no Manner of Uneasiness to be obliged.

I have forwarded your other Parcel to the Dean; who will thank you beyond measure, for he is a most *civil Magistrate*, you know.

Yours.

LETTER

L E T T E R XLVII.

Chelmsford.

OUR Affizes are begun here, where, by my unlucky Station in the Country, I am *condemned* to attend, twice, every Year, upon Matters of Life and Death. I wish I was a Parson---They and Butchers, but for opposite Reasons, I hope, are excluded from Juries.

There is a Trial, of an odious Nature, to come on, to-morrow. *Corydon ardebat Alexin*, will be a sufficient Hint to you—I am surpris'd that Eclogue has not been expunged from the *chaste Virgil's* Works.

L 4

'Tis

'Tis strange that Preceptors should have ever suffered it to be construed in Schools. *Quintilian* does not mention this Passage, but forbids some Parts of *Horace* to be read there.

This is the *purest* Vice, imaginable; because it has not Nature for its Excuse. A Passion is universal—this is not—I think that *Montesquieu* dates it from the *Olympic Games*. But the Old Testament mentions it much earlier—I shall conclude this vile Subject with a Turn upon a Line of *Terence*—*Hem! Vir Viro quid præstat?*

Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER XLVIII.

I AM returned home from our Affizes, and feel the Comfort and Liberty of a general Goal-delivery, as much, perhaps, as most of the other Prisoners who have had their Bolts knocked off. My Sympathy is too strong with the Wretched. I could not help shaking Hands with some of the released Culprits, as we walked out of the Court together. The Dean happened to observe my Emotion, and coming up to me, said, with an arch Look, and a low Voice, "You seem too fond of Freedom, I fear, ever to become a Convert of mine."*

L 5

There

* See Letter iv. 2d Paragraph.

There is a Widow come to lodge, lately, at the House where I usually reside, whenever Business carries me to *Chelmsford*. She has a Son with her, a young Lad of about seventeen, who was born deaf. They have, notwithstanding, contrived to have him taught to read and write, tolerably well; he has a remarkable Quickness in his Eye, and is capable both of receiving and communicating Notices, very readily, by Signs and Gestures.

They have, however, never been able to teach him to speak, for want of Ears to modulate his Tones. The only Word he can utter distinctly, is *Oh!* upon being hurt or frightened. Which shews this to be a natural and general Exclamation, in Distress or Danger, and therefore no
more

more to be considered as Part of Language, than a Sigh, or Groan. The Rest of his Sounds are a Kind of savage Vociferation, inarticulate, and without any determinate Significations.

This Subject afforded me Matter for Reflection, as I was riding home, last Night. Perhaps, thought I, among the many Hints we daily receive from Providence, Persons born deaf or blind, may have been sometimes sent into the World, without the Faculties for apprehending the proper Objects of Sight or Hearing, in Order to manifest to us that there may be Powers in Spirit beyond our Comprehensions, as these are of theirs; and that therefore the Deity may be possessed of what we should call

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a sixth Sense, which might render the Future as obvious to him as the Present, and as certain as the Past.

I know that your Philosophy will immediately fall to work on this Thesis, therefore I shall no farther interrupt you, than to say

Adieu.

LETTER

L E T T E R XLIX.

I Thank you for your Account of Mr. ——. One would imagine that some People were born only for the Entertainment of others. If the many ridiculous Circumstances of that Person's Life were noted down, and so continued till his Death, they would make a most amusing and extraordinary Piece of Biography, surely.

I could not acknowledge your Letter sooner, as I have been for some Days on a Visit to Mrs. —, by particular Invitation from her. She is in Distress, and
therefore

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therefore sent for me, as an old Friend; not that I could any way remedy her Unhappiness, but she Thought that my Company and Conversation might, perhaps, relieve it a little.

You have seen her eldest Daughter, at my House, I remember, when she was but a Child, and said she would grow up a fine Woman. She is now eighteen, and has fulfilled your Prophecy. You may suppose she had Lovers, and she attached herself to one of them, Mr. — of *Hampshire*, with a true Affection. He had declared a strong Passion for her, about a Year ago, but as he wanted about twice that Term to be of age, and that she had not Fortune enough to bribe his Guardians into a Consent, they must

Strepbon

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Strepbon and *Phyllis* it away, for a while, till they should be at Liberty of changing romantic Felicity for the real Cares of Life.

All Inamoratas have Confidants; 'tis half the Pleasure of the Passion. A fond Girl without a Friend, is a Knight-errant without a Squire. She chose her *Fidelix* then; but this one happened to have another Trustee, who had an other also; and so the *electrical Chain* of Gossiping extended itself, till *the Shock* was communicated to the Mother and Guardians of the Lover.

They acted the Part of true Philosophers. Passions are not to be opposed, but counteracted. They immediately
contrived

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contrived, without giving him the least Hint of their Purpose, to introduce him into the Company of a very handsome Girl, with a Fortune equivalent to his own; and having settled the Point with her Friends, as soon as they found the young Couple in perfect Harmony together, and that he had begun to mark a few little Attentions and Gallantries towards her, they proposed the Match to him, lately; offered him her Portion in Hand, to emancipate him from the Yoke of Nonage, and put him into the immediate Possession of his Estate.

A golden Hook is an alluring Bait. He swallowed it, and they were publickly married, about a Week ago. He wrote a Letter to my poor dear Girl, a
few

few Days before, in which he inveighed much against *the Tyranny of Parents, Guardians, &c.* but, as to Friendship, Esteem, &c. he still was, and would ever remain, *till Death, most constant and true, &c.*

But there was one Circumstance in this Matter, that was not only mortifying in itself, but betrayed a most insolent and ungenerous Turn of Mind, in the adverse Party. The Morning after the Marriage, a fine, flaunting, fringed Favour, was sent to my unhappy Friend, in the Name of the Bride.

It could not possibly have come from her; she is too young, and innocent, for such a Baseness. The mean Exultation on
so

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so malicious a Triumph, must have been all the Mother in Law's; justifying that Maxim of *Tacitus*, *Proprium humani Ingenii odisse quos læserit*.

I most cordially join in the Distress of this very amiable little Family; but the peculiar Feelings of the fair Mourner cannot possibly be stronger, or better expressed, than in her own pathetic Words to me, this Morning. “Betrayed by my
“ Friend, forsaken by my Lover, and
“ insulted by my Rival!”

Adieu.

LETTER

L E T T E R L.

OUR Election is begun, and Mr. — stands his Ground still, in Defiance of the numberless Pasquinades that have been published against him. If he has kept them all by him, he need no other Combustibles for his Bonfire, should he carry his Point—So all *Boutefeus* should be served.

It has been an old Maxim, that nobody should ever set up as Candidate for any public Office, who had the least *Blot in his Scutcheon*. They may be sure of having every Kennel raked for Dirt to
throw

throw at them. Let the Person be ever so unconscious of Demerit, in his own Character, the quick-sighted World will be sure to introduce him to a more intimate Acquaintance with himself, upon all such Occasions. You may think, perhaps, that your Coat does not want brushing, but whisk it *in the Sun*, and you'll see *a King's Ransom*,* or *fortuitous Concourse of Atoms*, flying out of it, at every Stroke.

One of the Articles exhibited against him, is an Affair of Galantry, you may remember he had, some Years ago. Such a Story might, perhaps, have nonsuited his Grandfather; but bars not his Plea, at present. An Amour was formerly *a Novel*;

* *A Peck of Dust.*

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Novel; but 'tis now become one of the common Occurrences of Life, and hardly ever mentioned, except in a Newspaper, among the ordinary Incidents of Births and Marriages, by way of filling up an Article or so.

There has been a deal of false Coin uttered, in the Town, at this Time. I have taken some of it myself, in change, through Inadvertence. *Decipimur Specie*. They always make Wine and Money for the Currency of such debauched Times. The griping Voters receive their Cash *in the Dark*, and scorn to look *the gift Horse*, &c.----But 'tis Time to have done with a disgusting Subject.

Have

238 ORIGINAL LETTERS.

Have I not been in tolerable Luck, with regard to little Anecdotes, for these few latter Posts? You can't imagine with what an Air of Consequence I strutted about the Room, after I had sealed my last three Letters; † saying, with *Corregio*, *Ed io anche son Pittore*, “ And I also am a Painter.”

Adieu.

† See Letter xxxii.

LETTER

LETTER LI.

I Have not received a Line from you, this Month past. I have no Society here, nor any other Correspondent elsewhere; all my Amusement, therefore, must arise from my Reflections, or my Studies. The first would be more improving, but as the latter are more entertaining, I always read, much more than I think.

I have employed myself, during this heavy Interval, in perusing some humble Memoirs, I have luckily met with, in old Books, containing the private Lives
of

of Persons whose Names are only recorded in the Annals of Literature, of Oppression, of Poverty, or Distress; of which the first is too generally the *omne majus*.

Such Sketches as these are the pleasantest Avocations imaginable. *Plutarch's* Lives delight me more than all the Greek and Roman Story. I have ever preferred the Biography of Heroes, to a Detail of their more epic Actions. I never follow the triumphal Car to the Forum or *Prytaneum*, but wait to attend it Home again, to the *Villa*, or *domestic Mansion*; where the popular Idol, laying aside his gorgeous *palmata* Robe, assumes the familiar *Toga virilis*, among his Family and Friends, and is restored to the natural State of Man, again.

My

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My Pleasure, in such Representations, arises certainly from a Sort of Sympathy with theirs ; as they must surely feel happiest, in such Situations ; for I believe that none but a *Fox-hunter*, or a *scolded Husband*, ever enjoyed more Satisfaction, abroad, than at Home. One is a *borrowed Life*, the other a *Property*. A vast Difference between *meum* and *tuum* !

But I have gone too high with my Subject. It is not about Heroes that I am conversant, at present. My Study is not Biography, but only a Collection of Anecdotes, Opinions, and Expressions, of Persons in common Life ; and which please me the better, therefore.

How flattering to human Nature, to read of noble Sentiments and generous

M

Actions,

Actions, in Men, who, as the World styles it, have *no Name*. 'Tis, in some Sort, setting little Folks on a Level with their *Betters*; which is another worldly Phrase, too, as impertinent as the former. I am pleased with a Passage I have met with in some late Writer, where he says, "I have known plebeian Peers, and right honourable Taylors."

One of these anonymous Heroes, *a fortunate Foundling*, happening, through the Vicissitudes of Life, to die rich, endowed the Hospital where he had been fostered, and gives this very humble, but virtuous, Reason for it, in his Will.

A certain *John a Nokes*, who had the same Luck with the former, to emerge
from

from Poverty to Affluence, and dying childless, bequeathed his whole fortune to the Family of a Person who had accidentally picked him up, on the Highway, when he was a sick Beggar-boy, perishing under a Hedge, and took care of him, 'till he was well. He also gives this Reason for his Bequest; adding, like the former, the Virtue of Humility, to that of Gratitude. Would you not rather *have been* either of these Brats, than *Alexander*, or *Cæsar*? True Ambition answers, *Yes*.

And another *Peter Stiles*, upon hearing that his only Child was dead, cried out, "I thank *God* that the Poor have
 " now no Rival, with me—*I have lost a*
 " Son, but they have gained a Father."

M 2

I could

I could fill a Quire, with such Tracts of noble Characters, as these; of a Spanish Soldier at the Siege of *Capelle*, who seeing his Comrade and Friend shot dead in the Trenches, by him, threw himself on the Body, and could not be parted from the Embrace, 'till he himself expired with Grief, before the Close of the Day.

Of another—But I have already quoted enough, for my present Purpose, which is to ask what could such Persons want, toward rising to the highest Pinnacle of Fame, *without Blood and Slaughter*, but more frequent Occasions of manifesting their Virtue? We prize the classic Anecdotes, I doubt, too partially.

A Thing

A Thing has just struck me, that gives me the comfortable Notion of my being a safe Member, of any Common-wealth; which is, that in all my reading of History, Epic Poems, or Romances, I never affected more than the second Characters. Not the King, but the Minister; not the Knight, but the Squire. I would rather be the Friend and Confident, than the Sovereign, or the Heroe. Though, methinks, the Race of Princes, as well as of Chevalier-errants, has been long extinct; and yet we continue to go on *kinging* it, still, with as serious Faces, as ever.

I have, all my Life, preferred Ease and Peace, to Bustle and Glory. . I would rather be a Representative, for a Borough, than a County. And, bating the

Society of a few Friends, could live as contentedly in *France*, as in *England*. I don't see, after all, what Liberty we have to boast of, over that Nation, except the Freedom of talking Treason, and abusing our Rulers, *unpunished*.

The King, you'll say, cannot take our Money from us, without our Leave, as may be done, *if that be true*, in *France*. But our *free Parliaments* have run us deeper in Debt, than all the Edicts of the *Bourbon* Family, ever amounted to. And it is pretty equal, I think, whether we are plundered, by Tyrants, or Trustees; only that the latter would mortify me most.

I only

I only mention this Disposition of my Mind to you, in Confidence, as a Friend, for I fear the Rest of the World would despise me for it. *Cæsar aut nullus* is the magnanimous Cry; and there are, I believe, many People who would be Heroes, who would not be any Thing less; who would give a Leg, or an Arm, to be *Alexander*, but not a Finger, or a Toe, to be *Hæphestion*. It was this *heroic Vice* that made *Cæsar* sigh, on seeing a Statue of "*Macedonia's Madman*," to think that he had done so much Mischief in the World, at an Age before he himself had begun to

Cry Havock! and let loose the Dogs of War.

This Subject, with the Description of my natural Character, has made some

M 4 charm-

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charming and philosophic Lines occur to me, in this Place ; though from whence I happen to recollect them now, I do not remember ; but I shall here introduce them to your Acquaintance, with the following Motto.

Hoc erat in Votis.

Vitam si liceat mihi
Formare Arbitriis meis,
Non Fasces cupiam, nec Opes,
Non clarus niveis Equis
Captiva Agmina traxerim.
In Solis habitem Locis,
Hortos possideam, atque Agros ;
Illic, ad Strepitus Aquæ,
Musarum Studiis fruar.

Sic cum Fata mihi ultima
Pervenerit Lachesis mea,
Non ulli gravis, aut malus,
Tranquillus moriar Senex !

Amen, to that sweet Prayer !

I shall

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I shall release you, now. Write to me soon, or I shall do nothing else but moralize; and if you won't go into Orders, I will.*

Adieu.

LETTER LII.

YOUR Account of the Debate, entertained me extremely; but I wish that the Members could be brought to conduct such interesting Matters, with somewhat more Decency and Propriety, than they generally do. What has private Invective to do with public Con-

* Alluding to Letter v.

cerns? Such personal Altercation should be banished to *Billingsgate*; the *Thames* is its proper Element; where such wordy War is bandied from Boat to Barge, from Scullers to Oars; and those Orators, I think, should exchange the Title of *Statesmen*, for that of *Steersmen*. Such Speeches are rather *Impeachments*, than *Deliberations*.

Were I in *the Chair*, I should certainly call *to Order*, and endeavour to keep them so; but if I found, as is too probable, that this did not operate, I would then strive to form a neutral Party in the House, to keep buzzing, or blowing their Noses, all the While of the Harangue. *Nash* put a Stop to *Methodism*, at *Bath*, during his Life; not by an Ex-
rtion

ORIGINAL LETTERS. 251.

ertion of the Magistracy, but by sending some Drummers to the Conventicles, to *beat Time* with the Preachments.

I am sorry for the Account you send me of poor *Robin Walker's* Death. One does not care to lose any Thing they have been used to, though ever so insignificant, that was inoffensive. This was his Character. He was welcome every where, but missed no where; and was equally free to come, to stay, or to go. Nobody ever asked why, or wherefore. He had never any Scheme, Purpose or Design, in his Head; and thought as little about Life, as he did of Death. I send you an Epitaph that fits him exactly, which I picked up somewhere, and will pay the Expence of having it inscribed on his

IM 6

Tomb-

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Tomb-stone, if you'll get it done for
me.

J'ai vecu sans nul Pensement,
Me laissant aller doucement,
A la bonne Loi naturelle ;
Et je m'étonne fort pourquoi
La Mort daigna songer à moi,
Qui ne songeai jamais à elle.

Rest his Soul ! a little will do, for he
was never active.

Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER LIII.

I AM very sorry for the Failure of Mr. N——, as it must affect all those who had any Connection with him ; some of whom are *our* particular Friends. I have none, I would have none, but what are yours, also.

Poor Mr. *Jackson*, I fear, had too much Confidence in him. I had always the Reverse, and endeavoured often to inspire him with Caution ; but by general Reflections, only ; not by directing his Attention to the present Bankrupt. I thought this would have been illiberal.

Suspicion

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Suspicion is the Mark of a mean and dishonest Mind. I felt it strong in myself, however, but was ashamed to confess the Vice to another. I am sorry now, for my Modesty.

But my Scruple arose from my not being in Possession of any one Fact, which might justify me in hurting the Character of any Man. My Ill-opinion of him, I own, was owing to the great Air of Mystery, he usually affected, even in Matters, which required no Screen. He had a vast deal of Art, but not enough to hide it. He used to value himself, too much, upon certain *Short-hand* Transactions of his, which I thought, bordered a little too much upon *Leger-de-main*.

He

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He boasted of such Manœuvres, I suppose, in order to recommend his Services to others; and it might have had its Effect, perhaps; but in part, only. We might be tempted to employ him, *against others*, but never *for ourselves*. These Things gave me a Disgust to him. Too much Cunning generally outwits itself. 'Tis like Children crying *Cook*, when they have hid themselves.

I wish there was but one Language, among Mankind, both of the Tongue of the Heart. But we must wait for a State of *Intuition*, for such a Blessing.

Adieu.

LETTER

L E T T E R LIV.

MR. and Mrs. R——, my Neighbours here, though they have never been very neighbourly with me, are going to part Neighbourhood, between themselves, I hear, soon. And is it come to this? He married her, without a Shilling, you know; and she refused a Man of better Fortune, for him; and from the same generous Principle, also. What a *Policy* might one have opened, in *Change-Alley*, upon their mutual Happiness, for Life?

The Scandal of this Disjunction, in the Country, does not throw the least Aspersions

Asperſion on her Character; for the World cenſures nothing in a Woman's Conduct, but a *Breach of Chafteity*. A Wife, it ſeems, may play the Vengeance, with a Huſband. before his Face, provided that ſhe does not play the Devil, behind his Back.

What a partial Idea has been conceived, of *Domefitic Virtue*! *Othello*, lamenting the Diſcovery of his Wife's ſuppoſed Infidelity, ſays, "I ſlept the next Night well;" but a Man neither enjoys Peace, by Night or Day, who is neck-yoked with a Shrew.

This happens to be the *ungentle Deſdemona's* Character. There is no Poſſibility of humouring her; becauſe one cannot

not accomodate any one System of Behaviour, to a Caprice so extravagant, and a Temper so variable. T'were as vain an Attempt, as *to make a Petticoat for the Moon, that should always fit her*, according to a Story in *Plutarch's Banquet of the Seven wise Masters*.

Upon such a Representation as this, how happy must a Man feel, who happens not to be married; but how much more so must you do, *who are?* I wish you joy; and think you may *throw the Stocking*, again, upon reading this Letter; for such a Story must afford you the Pleasure of a Second *Wedding Night*, at least.

Adieu.

LETTER

L E T T E R LV.

I HAVE read the Collection of English and Latin Poems you sent me, but think them very indifferent; and you know by the Statutes of *Horace*, that middling Verse is Treason, both against Gods and Men, *Pillars and Posts*.^{*} To tag poor Prose with Rhyme, is like putting Sugar to vapid Fruit.

The Number of *tinkling Cymbals*, that the World is dinned with, every Day, arises from the Absurdity of Pedagogues

* ——— ——— Mediocribus esse Poetis
Non *Homines*, non *Dii*, non concessere *Columnæ*. *Hor.*
setting

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setting Boys Tasks of Verses, in the Schools ; as if Genius was, like a Top, to be whipt up to its Exercise.

'Tis this that makes the Prefs so often swarm with such *mechanical* Poetry ; not the divine *Mechanism*, *ubi Deus interfit*. There is no succeeding, in any Thing of this Kind, *invitâ Minervâ* ; for the *Birch* is no proper *Stock*, to engraft the *Bays* upon.

I think that such Haberdashers in Rhyme, would do better to turn Corn, or Coal Chandlers, who sell more by *Measure*, than by *Weight* ; or bind themselves Apprentices to Linen-Drapers, as they may find their Account more in reckoning by *Yards*, than *Feet*.

'Tis

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'Tis the Scarcity of *Poet-Laureatships*, only, that need reduce them to such Shifts for Subsistence. For the distinguishing Favour of the *Great*, has beckoned *Rhymers* from the *Trowel* and the *Flail*,* before now.

Such Reflections as these, must absolutely put a Stop to my Work,† for the Future, notwithstanding the favourable Opinion you had so partially expressed of it, when you were here last.

I shall lend your Present to my Friend, the Curate of this Parish, who borrows Books from me, sometimes, in the long

* *Jones*, a Bricklayer, and *Duck*, a Thresher.

† *Anti-Lucretius*. See Letter xxiv.

Winter's

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Winter's Nights. He'll meet with some *good Things*, in them, which may perhaps serve a Turn for him, now and then, in his Vocation ; as all the Poetry of it may be said, in a Turn upon the Expression of *Horace*, to be *Sermoni Propiora*, most verily and indeed.

Adieu.

L E T T E R LVI.

A Sort of Tragi-comedy has been acted in this Country, lately, which vexes me ; because a Friend of ours makes but a ridiculous Figure in the Drama. I shall give you the Fable of it, in a few Words.

That

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That good humoured dissipated Fellow, the younger *Aston*, has kept a Girl, for some Time, whom he was not only fond, but vain of: which latter Weakness led him in to introduce her to the Acquaintance of a *Friend* of his, who also taking a Fancy to her, carried her off, after a very few Interviews; such Wenches, like Weather-cocks, being ever ready to turn on their *Centres*, with every Wind that whistles.

A Fool's Madness is Gentleman's Satisfaction, you know. So a Challenge was sent, accepted, and a Duel ensued; in which both the Combatants were wounded; but I have the Pleasure to hear not mortally.

A Thing

A Thing of this Sort, in a *Friend*, may be said to be a more ungenerous Act, than if the Alliance had been of a more formal Nature. In the latter Case, a Man has the Laws of the Land, besides those of Honour, on his Side; and may use both, or either, according to his Spirit, or Discretion.

But with Regard to this *Commoner of Nature*, he is left without Redress, in either Instance. He can neither *recover Damages*, nor shew Resentment, without a certain *Damage*, to his own Sense and Character, at least.

A rare Moral, this, you'll say. But you know my Way of arguing, on certain Subjects, sometimes; and one of the pleasant

fant Privileges of such a Correspondence as ours, is, always to write with the same careless Freedom, as one would speak over a Bottle. I sport a Fancy, as I draw a Cork. One should not be always wise, among one's Friends. *Horace* is my Moralist, for such a Latitude.

Dulce est dissipere, &c.

However, not to carry a Jest too far, let me take *our own Side* of the Question, now, in Turn; by affirming that Marriage is not only a Matter of positive Institution, but of natural Instinct, and of moral Obligation, besides. And this I shall do, by the Means of a certain physical Peculiarity, which so happily and remarkably distinguishes Man from Brute.

N

I shall

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I shall take my Text from the Beggar's Opera, as you'll find it written in the second Line of *Diana's* Song, "In the Days of my Youth." This, you know, is not the Case of your *irrational* Females—"Once in a Season," as *Castalio* says, because I would class my Authorities.

The Passion of Love too, is another Characteristic of the human Species, which Brutes are not susceptible of. We chuse our Objects, from some particular Charm of Body or Mind: they mark no preference to Beauty, or even to Youth; which is still a more natural Distinction.

This Affection forms not only the pleasantest, but one of the strongest Attachments, of the human Breast; as Honour

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nour sanctifies what Sympathy, has bound; for as Infidelity, on either Part, must render the other unhappy, their mutual Constancy must certainly form one of the *great Duties of Life*. I should think the *First*, indeed, as the Engagement is of our own chusing; and that Scripture itself has superseded the *prior* one. *Therefore shall a Man leave Father and Mother.*

All these Particulars do, in my Opinion, amount pretty nearly to a Proof, that Providence, in the great Scheme and Œconomy of the intellectual System, designed Men and Women for Pairs, only, and not to be

Venerem incertam rapientes, more Ferarum.

While the Bull, the Buck, the Ram, are permitted to range through the Herd, for

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Castalio's Reason above hinted at. But Man labours under no Sort of natural Necessity for Change, supposing *Diana's* Confession, or Mystery of the *Bona Dea* revealed, already quoted, to be true.

I remember an old Aunt of mine, once, upbraiding her Husband, for one of these *unnecessary Connections* with her Maid, cried out in a Rage, "Can you have the Assurance now, *Johnny Cramer*, to say to my Face, that sick or well I ever refused you?"

Farewell.

LETTER

LETTER LVI.

I Have not been able to write to you, since my last. The giddiness in my Head—where else should it be?—that you have sometimes heard me complain of, has taken up its old Head-quarters again, of late. I dared not venture to stoop down to a Pen and Ink, before, till this Day, and was forced to frame a Desk for my Book, that I was obliged to look up to.

I should have read Astronomy, in such a star-gazing Position, if I had had my Study to chuse; but I was *in a Course*;

and I hate shifting of Subjects—This retards the Progress of Knowledge; and the Expression, of *following*, or *pursuing our Studies*, seems to hint at a Steadiness, in this Point.

My Vertigo arises from some Indigestion in my Stomach, which is in such a corrupt State, at present, that *quodcumque infundis acescit*—For let the Head give itself ever so high Airs, the Stomach is Man's real Seat of Empire; from whence salutary or injurious Juices are distributed to all Parts of the animal Œconomy.

And yet is not the Head, which, according to *Trinculo*,* is Viceroy over

* The Tempest.

that,

that, again, to blame, for most of those Ails which happen to itself, or the Rest of the Members? Why did kind Providence place the *Door of the Cupboard*, there, and guard it so peculiarly with three of our quickest Senses, Sight, Taste, and Smell, but to rouse the Superintendency of the Mind, to an Inspection into all the Provisions that the inconsiderate Hand, its Purveyor, provides for it? The Mouth is situated just under the Eye, and the Smell and Taste stand as Centinels, on each Side.

But the Garrison here, as well as in other besieged Towns, is too often bribed to betray the Citadel. The Fairness of Fruit, the Flavour of Wines, and the Savour of Sauces, tempt them to revolt

to the Enemy, and deliver us over Prisoners, bound Hand and Foot, with Gouts, Rheumatisms, &c, &c.

I found it impossible to stop, till I had proceeded thus far, as my Head had condemned my Hand to confess its Crime, and sign its own Condemnation. These Reflections I should encourage in myself, as I acknowledge my frequent Indiscretions, in this Particular, though without much Excess in any Way—But I find Distemper growing upon me, so much, of late, that I am resolved to *hold my Hand*, for the Future, and never more presume to *lift it up against my Head*, again. *Atque ut vivamus, vivere desinimus..*

So

So God bless us and our Meat, and
adieu.

LETTER LVIII.

I AM much concerned at the melancholy
Representation you send me of poor
Mr. *Hutchinson's* Circumstances. I am
pleased at the Part you have taken, in his
Distress; but shall not commend you, on
that Account, as it was nothing more
than what you owed *to yourself*, though
you had long since so fully discharged
your Debt *to him*, for all his former Ser-
vices to you. Obligations may be *repaid*,
but can never be *cancelled*. If this be an
Excess of Sentiment, I shall still cry out
with *Horace*,

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Vellem in Amicitia sic erraremus.

There can be no Excess, in Friendship.

I insist on your eking out your own Assistance, with mine, too. In acts of Friendship, think always that you have *four Hands* to use; and why should you suffer two of them to lie idle, when your Friend needs the Aid of *Briareus*.

But this I beg leave also to insist on, that my Name be not mentioned, on this Occasion. Join the inclosed Bill to your own supply, and let the whole appear to be your sole Kindness. He will then have but one Favour to resent, without increasing his Distress by the Weight of an additional Obligation. I give to you, I give to myself, I hardly think of him.

What

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What *Thanks* does he owe me then?
For my Mite is too inconsiderable to claim
Gratitude.

Speak on pleasanter Subjects, in your
next; for I am low—very much so—
Just getting a Return of my Giddiness,
this Moment.

Adieu.

L E T T E R L I X.

I HAVE been forced to send for a Physician, at last, on Account of my Head and Stomach. I respect Surgery, but have no Opinion of the Faculty, with Regard to internal Disorders. How can they possibly know how to rectify Digestion, who know not even how it is performed? Let them try all their Hypothesis about the Matter; their *Triturations*, *Menstruums*, and *Putrefactions*, and see if they can produce either *Chyle*, *Blood*, or *Feces*.

My

My Doctor says that my Illness arises from too much Study, and want of Action. But I have read less, and exercised more, since these Disorders first attacked me, than ever I used to do, before. 'Tis when I quit my Library, and mount my Horse or my Legs, that I contract the Seeds of my Distemper—'Tis *Thought*, not *Reflection*, that injures me.

A Physician should be a Philosopher, too; for without taking in the Context of the Mind, he can never be able sufficiently to judge of the Body. If he cannot cure Anxiety, what signifies his correcting of Acidities? If he cannot "Medicine to Minds diseased," to what Avail are all his *Alkalis*?

To

278 ORIGINAL LETTERS.

To what Avail then, is my employing him? you'll say. To which I can only return this Answer, that the Folly of human Nature is sometimes too strong for the Sense of it. One is too apt to do as the World does. I believe not a Word of Astrology, and yet were that Imposture now in Vogue, I am convinced that I should give a large Fee, to some *Cornelius Agrippa*,* some *Star-gazer*, or other, to know when Mr. — will die.

What Pity it is that the human Mind should have Effects upon the Body, which all the Rest of the animal Creation are free from. No Creature but Man, regrets the Past, is anxious about the Fu-

* A Pretender to the occult Sciences.

ture,

ture, or is subject to Dotage. In other Things too, we seem to have much the Disadvantage, also. One half of the human Species die, in Infancy, and vast Numbers of Women in Childbed. Not so with the Rest of the Creation.

As we cannot suppose Providence to be partial, to Brutes, we must investigate the Cause within ourselves—some particular wrong Œconomy, of *Reason*, must certainly, in this Instance, at least, counteract the general one of Nature. Instinct is perfect, 'tis Reason only that needs a Guide—

I am weary of Conjecture.

“ O thou, whose Power o'er moving Worlds
presides,

“ Whose Voice created, and whose Wisdom
guides,

“ On

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“ On darkling Man in pure Effulgence shine,
“ And clear the clouded Mind with Light
divine !”

Adieu.

L E T T E R L X.

I AM just returned from my Friend
Mr. Strode's, where I went for a
Week, rather to divert my Disorder,
than myself. It did not answer. *Quis
exul, se quoque fugit?* I wish I could
forget—Memory gives me more Pain
than Pleasure. A Man who had been
often near suffocating, by the swelling of
his Glands, had them cut out, and became
easy, for the Rest of his Life. How hap-
py if we could perform a like Surgery, on
the Mind !

Besides

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Besides the Society there, was not such as I generally like—We were all of an Age; which is not agreeable to Nature. A Family was the original Generation of social Life; which consisted first of Parents and Children, then of Grandfathers and Grandchildren.† The Advantages of such a Mixture, both to the Young and Old, is too apparent, to need any farther Comment to you. But, even upon the best Terms, I have long thought that Society indulged too long, becomes Satiety, at last. There is not Diversity enough, in *the World*, and it is necessary often to retire from it, and range through the Works of Nature, for Variety.

† Prima Societas in ipso conjugio est, proxima in Liberis, &c. Cic.

How-

However this Family is beginning to form itself into the Sort of natural Society, I have been above recommending; for Mrs. *Strode* is near Lying-in. He asked me to stand Godfather. I did not chuse it, as I am become too indolent to venture on multiplying my Duties in Life; but I could not refuse, as I think there is a Sort of political Justice, in making old Bachelors become Sponsors.

I am not well, but wish I was better, if it was only for your sake.

Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER LXI.

I Could think of nothing else, ever since:
Did you see the Sky, last *Tuesday*
Night? But how could you? 'Tis *too*
far from *London*. 'Twas *Jupiter's* Birth-
night, and the Firmament was a perfect
Galaxy of *Jewels*; for every Star shone
out as bright, *I dare say*, as he did him-
self, when he burned poor *Semele* to a
Cinder.

To which beautiful View may be added
the most glorious *Aurora Borealis*, that
ever I beheld. It commenced in the
Zenith, with a central Globe of Fire,
resem-

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resembling the Sun; from whence it issued forth its undulating Beams, expanding on every side, and extending downwards 'till they reached the Horizon all around, vaulting the Earth with a concave Hemisphere of mild Effulgence; much like the Light reflected from the Moon; from whence were darted frequent vivid Rays, as beautiful as Lightning, but quite innocent of the Danger.

How awful, how august, and how expanded an Idea, is the Contemplation of the Heavens? And how justly has *Young stiled Devotion, the Daughter of Astronomy*; and pronounced *an infidel Astronomer to be mad*. I should rather take him to be *a Fool*—The very *Fool of David*.†

I have

† *Who said in his Heart, there is no God.*

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I have somewhere met with a fine Imagination, where the Writer, speaking of the numberless Systems of Planets, each revolving round one or other of the fixed Stars, as their Sun and Center, supposes these to perform a like Revolution too, altogether, about some other greater Center; in which Station he places the *Sensorium* of the Godhead; governing by his Wisdom, guiding by his Providence, and enlivening with his Spirit, the whole Creation of Matter and Intellect, throughout the fineless Universe.

There is certainly something truly noble, and sublime, in such a vast Hypothesis as this, which renders the empyreal, or starry System, as great and perfect, as
the

the human Mind is capable of framing a Conception. The Notion of a *local Deity*, which possibly might here occur, must certainly offend, at first Thought; but my Author, as well as I can now recollect, was not so ignorant a Philosopher, as not to have been acquainted with that fine and just Definition of the God-head, “whose Center is every where, and Circumference no where.” He only supposes this to be the *Shechina*, or Focus, of his Energy, throughout the Infinity of Space; where he resides in a more sensible Glory; and to be the Region, also, where the Heaven of the Good is placed.

All this is most charming and ingenious Guess-work—But it can never enter into
the

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the Heart of Man, to conceive what, or how, the Soul, the Origin of Nature, is. We are *out at Sea*, when we would define, but on *Terra firma*, when we adore.

Adieu.

END of the FIRST VOLUME.



